

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT



DEC 20 1919



CHRISTMAS
1897

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Subscribed Capital	-	-	\$ 2,000,000
Paid up Capital	-	-	1,000,000
Cash assets over	-	-	2,300,000
Annual Income over	-	-	2,330,000
Losses paid since organization over	-	-	24,000,000

Agencies in all principal cities and towns in Canada and United States.

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Cash Capital	-	-	\$ 750,000
Total assets	-	-	1,450,131
Losses paid since organization	-	-	15,549,000

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INCORPORATED 1863

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Reserve Fund 770,000

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Reserves on the **\$20,000,000** Every desirable
Actuaries' 4 per cent. **IN FORCE** form of Policy issued.

PROFITS TO POLICYHOLDERS ONLY

Surplus results declared in 1896, 10 per cent. higher than the estimates. Since its organization, in 1870, this Company has received in Premiums from its Policyholders \$6,261,576 67

IT HAS PAID...
In Death and Endowment Claims..... 1,538,776 40
In Cash Surplus to Members..... 712,690 34
In Cash Surrender Values to Members..... 501,476 02
And it holds (Dec. 31st, 1896) for the security of its Policyholders, assets amounting to.... 3,404,907 69

So that, it has expended in management, out of the direct payments of its Members, only \$103,726.22, or **One and six-tenths per cent.** of the Cash Premiums received **in 27 years.**
Its Interest Income in 1896 exceeded its Total Expenses by **\$33,227.00.**

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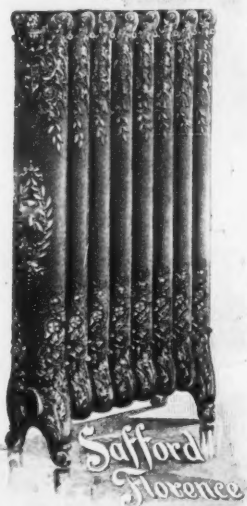
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Esplanade St., near Berkeley St.
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Bathurst St., nearly opp. Front

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**Elias Rogers
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"This Is The Age of 'Firsts.'"

New ❀ ❀ ❀
Departure in
Hot Water ❀
Heating ❀ ❀



They have no Joints whatever to leak

❀ ❀ ❀
Can be placed in finest rooms, no
Metal Screens being necessary

❀ ❀ ❀
Are Notable Specimens of Perfection
in Iron Moulding.

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Can be Joined to Circulating Pipes
without showing Connections

❀ ❀ ❀
Project less from wall than any others

This is the

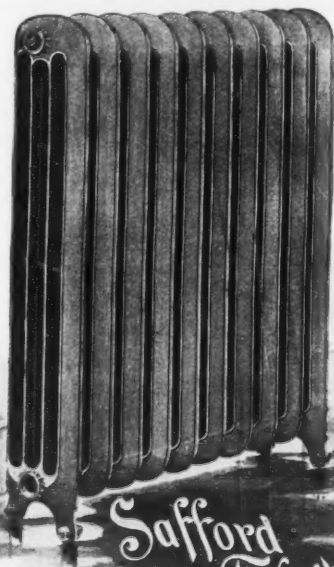
SAFFORD ..



The only Radiator in the World
constructed with Screwed
Joints without packing or
bolts.

Reason it out and others are
nothing but fancies.

Made in any shape for Win-
dows, Columns and Halls.



The

SAFFORD

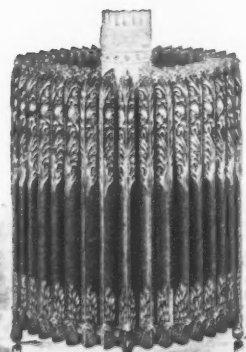
for HEATING

GRACEFULNESS

ELEGANCE

and UTILITY

will outlast all others



The Toronto Radiator Mfg. Co.

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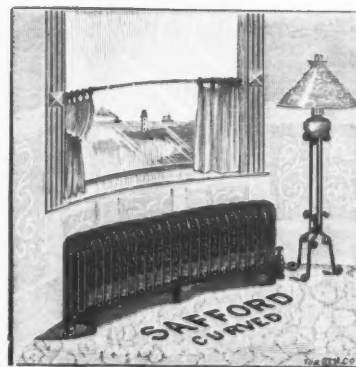
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ONT.

Canada's Largest Radiator Manufacturers.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1897



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THE
SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO'Y.
LIMITED
1897

J. R. W. H. L.

Luxfer Prisms

GIVE... Daylight

A Boon to all who have to Work in Poorly Lighted Places

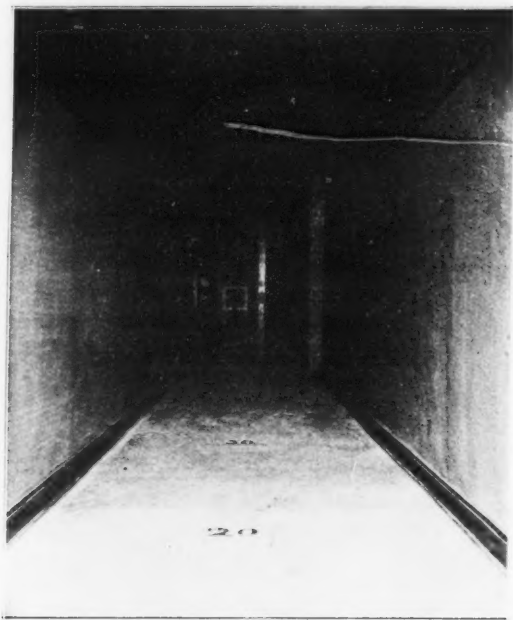
The Greatest Invention of the Victorian Era

IN the world of mechanics, machines have been invented so intricate in their parts and so wonderful in their results as to almost change the course of commerce and men have set the inventors on pedestals of fame. Wonderful as these inventions have been, and much as the inventors have deserved the credit given them, the genius who first conceived luxfer prisms deserves

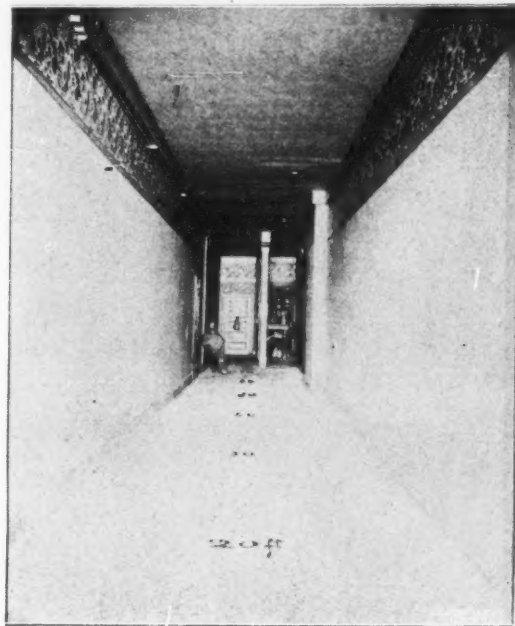
Luxfer prisms are a Canadian product and have only been on the market about one year. To-day they are installed in nearly all the leading stores and business houses in Toronto, also in a great many buildings in Chicago, New York and other leading cities. Thousands of people are now doing their work in daylight in places where, previous to the use of luxfer prisms, they had nothing to work by but artificial light. Thousands of ladies are to-day able to purchase their dresses and other goods in stores lighted with luxfer prisms and know that the colors will be the same in the street as in the store.

The wonder is that no one long ago thought to apply the simple law of refraction to commercial uses. This is really all there is in luxfer prisms. The prisms are made in sheets and used in place of other glass. The outside is smooth and the inside has a series of semi-prisms; these semi-prisms are constructed with different angles so as to meet the different conditions of light where windows open on a wide or narrow street. By careful scientific study and experiment, the Luxfer Prism Company, Limited, have perfected a series of prisms which, when properly installed, will carry daylight into the interior of any part of a building from cellar to attic.

To light a basement where the ceiling is on ground level, it is necessary to use a heavy double prism, which is set in iron frames and forms part of sidewalk and is used same as any ordinary sidewalk. These heavy prisms are cut at different angles, so that the light reflected from one does not conflict with that reflected from the other or adjoining prism. An additional and much more perfect result is obtained by using a vertical apron or sheet of prisms



STORE ONE HUNDRED FEET DEEP. LIGHT FROM ORDINARY GLASS.



SAME STORE ON SAME DAY. LIGHT FROM LUXFER PRISMS.

more than any other the gratitude of the people. A machine must necessarily only directly benefit a limited number of people, but daylight is essential to all beings.

Edison has well been called the wizard of electricity, and his productions have contributed much to the comfort and pleasure of mankind, but his inventions have all resulted in only giving artificial light, which is costly and

suspended in front of the sidewalk prisms, which catch up the reflected light from the sidewalk prisms and diffuse it generally throughout the basement.

To say the difference between a room lighted with luxfer prisms and one where ordinary glass is used is wonderful, is putting it mild—in fact, one would not believe that so small a device in the formation of glass could possibly make the difference. A visit to the showroom of the Luxfer Prism Company, Limited,



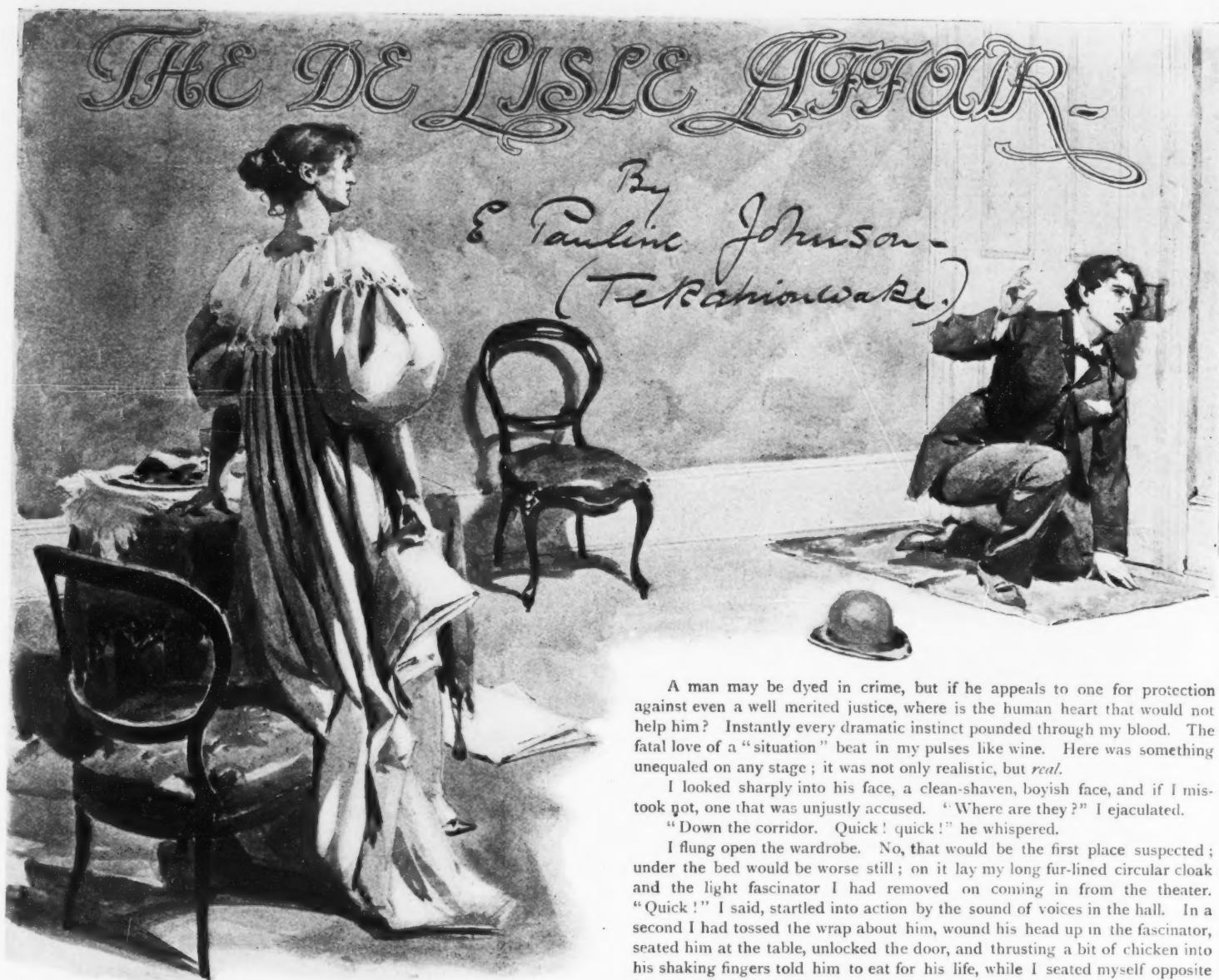
BASEMENT NINETY FEET DEEP. LIGHT FROM ORDINARY GLASS.



SAME BASEMENT ON SAME DAY. LIGHT FROM LUXFER PRISMS.

unwholesome. It remained for James G. Pennycuik, who may well be called the wizard of daylight, to bring out an invention that would give to all who have to work and spend the greater part of their lives indoors the possibility of living surrounded with the health-giving and invigorating light of day.

58 Yonge Street, Toronto, will satisfy the most sceptical, or a call on any of the many business houses using the prisms will prove to anyone that luxfer prisms do what is claimed for them and that they are a great boon to the merchant, the employee, and the customer.



PROBABLY not another woman in ten thousand would have acted as I did about the De Lisle affair. I was led into it by my overpowering love of dramatics and my consequent thoughtlessness of results. A real "situation" had never presented itself to me until then, though nightly I interpret far more romantic and thrilling scenes from behind a row of footlights, but in all the five years that I have recited emotional lines on the stage, this one episode has been the sole sensational experience in my unsettled and incident-crowded life.

My real or stage name is unimportant, so for euphony's sake I will be Miss Marie Marguerite, dramatic reciter, and one of the principals in The Bellini-Marguerite Lyceum Concert Company, by which the uninitiated will understand that I am owned by a big bureau which pays a fair salary for whatever artistic ability I may possess, and which sends me out every season in company with two or three other "show people" to take the road anywhere from New York to San Francisco.

We had just opened the season of '95-6 in a small city in northern New York, and had gone through the first performance of a new programme, always an exhausting thing to an artist. My work had been particularly heavy, and at the earliest possible moment I left the theater and returned to the hotel, after regretfully declining to accompany Madam Bellini and our support to the first Bohemian supper of the season.

As I passed the office I begged the night clerk to procure me some refreshments from an adjacent restaurant, then went directly to my room, where I slipped into a tea-gown, completed most of my packing, and was glancing over the evening papers when the bell-boy arrived with the tray. I noticed vaguely as he departed that the city clocks were striking twelve, and groaned as I thought of the brief night's rest; we were to leave at seven in the morning.

I had scarcely taken a bite of my solitary rolls and chicken, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the door of my room was flung abruptly and noiselessly open, and a well-dressed young gentleman dashed in closed it to, and turned the key in the lock, crouching down as he did so with his ear to the keyhole.

I confess to a feeling of paralyzation, but I managed to rise up with dignity and say, "Young man, you have evidently made some mistake in the room."

He made a gesture enjoining silence, nor altered his listening attitude.

"Unlock that door," I said in a voice like Lady Macbeth. He turned and came towards me swiftly. I saw at a glance that he was extraordinarily handsome, but with a curious, dazed look in his eyes, like that of a frightened child.

"Hide me," was all he said. "For God's sake, hide me; the detectives are after me."

A man may be dyed in crime, but if he appeals to one for protection against even a well-merited justice, where is the human heart that would not help him? Instantly every dramatic instinct pounded through my blood. The fatal love of a "situation" beat in my pulses like wine. Here was something unequalled on any stage; it was not only realistic, but *real*.

I looked sharply into his face, a clean-shaven, boyish face, and if I mistook not, one that was unjustly accused. "Where are they?" I ejaculated.

"Down the corridor. Quick! quick!" he whispered.

I flung open the wardrobe. No, that would be the first place suspected; under the bed would be worse still; on it lay my long fur-lined circular cloak and the light fascinator I had removed on coming in from the theater. "Quick!" I said, startled into action by the sound of voices in the hall. In a second I had tossed the wrap about him, wound his head up in the fascinator, seated him at the table, unlocked the door, and thrusting a bit of chicken into his shaking fingers told him to eat for his life, while I seated myself opposite him, laughing and talking in a loud tone—of what, I can never tell to this day.

"Come!" I said when the feared and expected knock resounded on my door, which opened to the summons, "discovering" a colored bell-boy, the night clerk, and a keen-faced man at his elbow.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Miss Marguerite," said the clerk apologetically, "but you seem to be the only one awake in the corridor; did you happen to notice anyone passing your door a moment ago?"

Twice when panic has threatened an audience I have saved the situation by some nameless subtle instinct prompting rapid action. It came to me now again.

"Yes," I answered in a surprised way; "I heard someone. They came up soon after Madam Bellini (indicating the lady who sat at the table), but I thought it was Mr. Barry, whose room is next door to mine. They certainly went into Mr. Barry's room!"

It was a bold stroke. Suppose Madam Bellini had at that moment come up to her room, which was directly opposite mine! The situation was certainly not without its interests.

"He couldn't have gone into Barry's room," said the clerk. "Barry went out to supper; his door would be locked."

I ventured to think not. Mr. Barry was very careless; he seldom locked his door; he had had things stolen from his room more than once. They were already in Mr. Barry's room, with lights turned on and searching assiduously. I followed.

"Are you positive you heard him come into this room?" asked the keen-faced man. Yes, I was positive; indeed, so plain were the movements that I thought, without interest, it was Mr. Barry. I concluded by asking if anything was wrong. The clerk explained they were only looking for a man. But the keen-faced man was laughing.

"Look at that!" he said, pointing to the window; "he's outwitted us again; he must know the hotel like a book!"

I almost screamed in relaxation of nervous tension, for outside the window the skeleton fire-escape wound down to the alley below.

The clerk said a bad word, the bell-boy chuckled, the detective sneered. "Smarter than you are," he said disgustedly; "you fellows don't seem to know where your fire-escapes are." I received a further apology from the clerk, the party descended the stairs, and I returned to my room. But I had scarcely time to close the door when I heard Madam Bellini's voice at the elevator; she was evidently accompanied by the pianist, his wife, and Mr. Barry, into whose room they all adjourned, after banging for me as they went past. My heart dropped down to zero. The fire-escape, which a moment before had presented royal possibilities, was impossible to make use of now. I knew our

combination well enough to be assured that when they got together in Mr. Barry's room they would make a night of it.

"Now, young man," I said severely, regarding the handsome face under the "fascinator," "I've got you out of a fix, will you tell me how you intend getting me out of the pretty scrape I'll be in if you are found here at this hour?"

"I didn't think of you," he stammered, rising; "I didn't know it was a lady's room. I saw the light over the transom; the other rooms were dark; it was my only chance of escape."

"What have you done?" I demanded less harshly.

He looked me straight in the eyes. "You're not likely to betray me now," he half questioned. "I'll tell you the truth; I'm mixed up in the De Lisle affair."

"I'm as wise as I was before," I remarked dryly.

"Have you seen the evening papers?" he asked.

"Yes, and—no," I replied, handing him those I had dropped at his unannounced entrance. He turned them over rapidly, pointing to a column on the "local" page. It was headed sensationally and in large type:

THE DE LISLE AFFAIR

DETECTIVES UNEARTH INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE

The Counterfeit Die Traced to this City.

A Lady in the Case.

I ran my eye quickly down the column, the sum and substance of which was that a bold gang of counterfeiters had been passing a number of bogus bank-notes in New York; that an old and trusted employee of the De Lisle Brothers, printers and engravers, and formerly of this city, had made statements which had led the detectives to believe the die had been engraved by the firm, that had hitherto borne a most unblemished reputation—for this reason solely the police had deferred making any arrests until positive evidence could be advanced; that the De Lisle establishments, both private and business, had been searched with no results whatever. Here followed the details of some smart detective work that led to the astounding revelation that a counterfeit die had been sent by express to this city and directed to Miss Eleanor Woods, half-sister of the De Lises, and a lady belonging to the most exclusive and fashionable circles of society in town; that at 2.15 this afternoon a young man, one John Robinson, had presented a type-written order from Miss Woods authorizing the express company to give him any packages that were directed to her, and signed by her name in full. The express company, not knowing the character of the package, gave it to Robinson and took his receipt. Twenty minutes after he left the office a New York detective entered with his authorization to intercept the delivery of the counterfeit die, but their bird had flown, and up to the hour of publication had as completely disappeared as if swallowed up in the earth.

"Enquiry at the residence of Miss Woods, 614 Hunter avenue, reveals the fact that the lady left town at 10.30 this morning for a brief shopping trip to Rochester. Every train that leaves the station is being narrowly watched, but John Robinson has not yet boarded one of them."

A "later" was added. It read: "As we go to press it is discovered that the order presented to the express company, purporting to have been signed

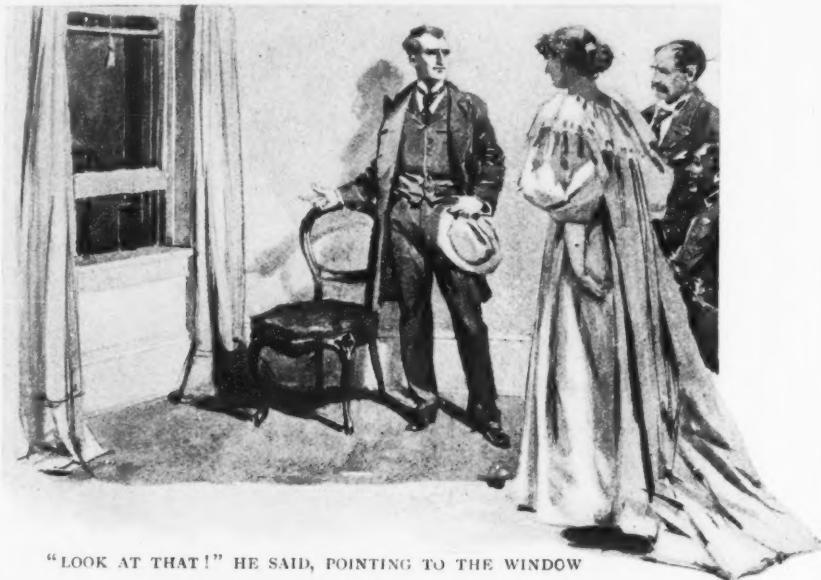
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I lifted my hand and spoke a simple oath.

"I need hardly have asked that," she apologized, sitting beside me and placing her hand on my arm, "but listen and you will understand. When my father died, mother married old De Lisle—old 'Diable' would be a better name for him. To be brief, her life with him was one long torture, relieved only by the kindness, the devotion, the tender love of his three sons. I love those De Lisle boys better than anything else in the world, and because of that love you see me to-night as I am." She hesitated, glanced at the door, lowered her voice and hurried on. "They are a wild lot, and have seen the ups and downs of life. They have recently had great business worries, and I *know* they made that die (pointing to the thing on the table) to help them out. Yesterday I received this letter from Will." She fumbled in her pocket and handed me the following type-written note:

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"When is the Rochester train due here?" I asked.

"At midnight. I am late now," she replied with some anxiety.

Twenty-five minutes later I descended the side staircase that led to the ladies' entrance. I was accompanied by a very pretty girl, who was dressed in my brown Redfern, my gray fedora (veiled), while my fur circular concealed whatever misfits were likely to be observed.

To the sleepy bell-boy who let us out I gave directions to call a coupe, which lumbered up from the cab-stand at the corner. She kissed me "goodbye," after the manner of women, and I ordered the driver to take her to the railway station, where she was to dismiss him, wait until he departed, step quietly into another coupe and drive to her home as though nothing had happened, further than that the Rochester train was late.

When I returned to my room the only evidence that the entire affair had not been the outgrowth of my romantic imagination was the counterfeit die lying on my table and staring up at me like an evil eye.

I tossed it into my trunk, and a week later, while crossing the Niagara Gorge *en route* from Buffalo to Detroit, I silently lifted the window in my berth and flung it into the river, where many another secret lies buried from the world.

Gradually the whole De Lisle affair subsided. The detectives worked night and day, but it is needless to say they never found John Robinson. The De Lisle brothers evidently made up their minds to profit by their narrow escape and adopt the motto of virtue being its own reward even in dollars and cents. Their reformation must have prospered, for last Christmas I received by registered mail an oblong package, apparently the exact size and measurement of the die I had dropped into the Niagara River. Upon opening it, however, I was surprised to find it a morocco case bearing the words "No counterfeit." A second and inside cover revealed the inscription:

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combination well enough to be assured that when they got together in Mr. Barry's room they would make a night of it.

"Now, young man," I said severely, regarding the handsome face under the "fascinator," "I've got you out of a fix, will you tell me how you intend getting me out of the pretty scrape I'll be in if you are found here at this hour?"

"I didn't think of you," he stammered, rising; "I didn't know it was a lady's room. I saw the light over the transom; the other rooms were dark; it was my only chance of escape."

"What have you done?" I demanded less harshly.

He looked me straight in the eyes. "You're not likely to betray me now," he half questioned. "I'll tell you the truth; I'm mixed up in the De Lisle affair."

"I'm as wise as I was before," I remarked dryly.

"Have you seen the evening papers?" he asked.

"Yes, and—no," I replied, handing him those I had dropped at his unannounced entrance. He turned them over rapidly, pointing to a column on the "local" page. It was headed sensationally and in large type:

THE DE LISLE AFFAIR

DETECTIVES UNEARTH INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE

The Counterfeit Die Traced to this City.

A Lady in the Case.

I ran my eye quickly down the column, the sum and substance of which was that a bold gang of counterfeiters had been passing a number of bogus bank-notes in New York; that an old and trusted employee of the De Lisle Brothers, printers and engravers, and formerly of this city, had made statements which had led the detectives to believe the die had been engraved by the firm, that had hitherto borne a most unblemished reputation—for this reason solely the police had deferred making any arrests until positive evidence could be advanced; that the De Lisle establishments, both private and business, had been searched with no results whatever. Here followed the details of some smart detective work that led to the astounding revelation that a counterfeit die had been sent by express to this city and directed to Miss Eleanor Woods, half-sister of the De Lises, and a lady belonging to the most exclusive and fashionable circles of society in town; that at 2.15 this afternoon a young man, one John Robinson, had presented a type-written order from Miss Woods authorizing the express company to give him any packages that were directed to her, and signed by her name in full. The express company, not knowing the character of the package, gave it to Robinson and took his receipt. Twenty minutes after he left the office a New York detective entered with his authorization to intercept the delivery of the counterfeit die, but their bird had flown, and up to the hour of publication had as completely disappeared as if swallowed up in the earth.

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The Frog Lake Massacre

As related by Johnny Saskatchewan.
W.A. FRASER.



If you ask me whence this story,
Whence this tale of Indian madness,
I will answer, from the Wood-Crees,
From the land of spruce and aspen,
From the forest white with birch trees:—

But if you ask me as to the truth of it, ah! that's a different matter. I shall bring you twenty men who will swear that Johnnie Saskatchewan was at Frog Lake; but, alas! I shall also find, handily, a score who will testify that he was not there at all. Moreover will they gratuitously volunteer the information that Johnnie's face is cast on the same lines as the pictures we have of Ananias. Allah! thus is history made; but I am not making history, so let us after our bear again.—THE AUTHOR.

TWO MONTHS ago Johnnie Saskatchewan came to my shack and sat opposite me. Between us was a rough pine table and upon the table were two bottles. From the neck of one rose a white pyramid of paraffin wax, at the top of which flickered a beacon light. That was that I might look into the wild, weird eyes of the Cree half-breed and see the accompaniment of the battle light as he told me the old tale of the killing at Frog Lake.

In the neck of the other bottle was a cork, and below was good H. B. Co. rum, and because of that was the tale strong, and clear, and natural.

Only of the half-breed patois, which is not to be written, because it is like unto the painting of sunshine, not possible.

And over the necks of those two bottles Johnnie told me this tale.

The Major say: "Johnnie, you mus' strike camp an' bring you fam'ly here in de fort."

"What for doin' dat?" I ask him.

"For obey orders," say he; and he grin' at me like he mek good joke.

"I s'pose my old woman won't come," I told 'im. "She like best stop in dat tepees."

"Dat don' cut no figger," he say. "You're Gov'ment 'terpreter, and you'll get fi'e dollars a day and double rations; but you mus' come in—you, and de old woman, and de whole swarm of you' G— stringed kids."

"What's up?" think me; "de rebellion it's jus' comin' den, and I t'ink me dat de Major mus' hear some news dat Riel goin' mek dat breeds rise."

Den I don' know what for do, for de old woman's people dey's on the odder side, some of dem, and I know she won't be cooped up in de barracks for all de money de Guv'ment got.

You see, I brought me down provisions wit' my carts, and t'inks I, the Major he want keep me here, but I want go back for Battleford. "All right," I say, meaning dat what I want do myself will be all right.

Jus' den a half-breed fell' come gallop on his cayuse, and dat cayuse he's tired, you bet you life. And he want for see de Major.

De Sargen' he laugh, an' ask 'im if he's de Guv'nor Gen'ral; an' say he mus' want for see de cook.

But de letter he's got dat's for de Major, and dey tek dat in, and tell de half-breed (I know dat half-breed too, he's name De Lone Man) dat de Major he get himself ready to receive 'im, and de Sargen' laugh 'gain.

But de half-breed he's a wicked fell', and he cuss in Cree. Only he can't cuss proper in Cree, for dere's no "God damn" in Cree—only some dirty words.

Soon dey tek 'im inside, and den dey send for me to mek interpret, for he can't speak English.

De letter is han' 'round to all de mans dere; everybody rea'l, and nobody speak, only laugh some.

Den dey tell me ask 'im if he know what in dat letters.

He say dat Riel have tol' 'im bring back \$10,000, or else dey all go on de war-pat'.

"Dat's it," say de Major, and den dey all laugh again.

"We're goin' for load de money up in a cannon," say de Major, "an' s'oot it out to Riel, so you don' need for take it. We're goin' keep you here and give you plenty grub for nothing."

And dey did too. I mean dey keep 'im. By Goss! he's 'fraid, dat breed.

Den I t'ink me. My old woman don't want stop here, soor. I t'ink she want go back for Battleford.

Den de Major say, "We'll go and make parley wit' Riel, an' see w'at he want."

So nex' day we march out, some police, and de Major, and some mans, and I go, me, too.

Riel's breeds dey dere in de sand hills, but dey got one white flag, and so they come togedder to talk 'bout t'ings.

One of dem breed fell's he is such a wicked-looking fell'. Pretty soon he mek grab for one of our man's pistol. He don' get de pistol, but he get de bullet, for de mans s'oot him, by Goss!

Then begin one hell of a time. We can't see dem fell's; for dey are hide and s'oot, s'oot, so we jus' go back to de Fort, an' p'enty killed.

Den I know my old woman don't want for stop in dat place w'atever.

Nex' day I say to de Major, "I won't stop. My old woman want for go," and I ask 'im for rations for de trail to Battleford, for my grub stake.

He's mad, and he says, "You

can rus'le you' rations,"—dat mean I mus' get dem myself.

I see de ration issuer just over near where I stan', so I t'ink p'r'aps I can rus'le them w'atever.

I tell 'im de Major he's ordered me for get rations for de trail to Battleford;



"LITTLE WILD MAN HE SWIM OUT."



"EVER'BODY GO FOR FIGHTIN', AND SCREAMIN', AND RUN WAY.

I don't tell him de Major say rus'le dem. So he give me de rations.

Den I go tell my old woman she wants go to Battleford.

When we get to Battleford my old boss, Captain King, he tell me he's 'fraid dey raise hell at Frog Lake. Big Bear's ban' is dere, he say, and won't go back his reserve.

Den he tell me 'bout dat gal he's got dere, Miss Ross. He's goin' marry dat gal t'ink me. But he mus' stop where he get orders stay.

He ask me if I can go and get her to Fort Pitt before de breeds commence keel the people.

My old woman she want stop Battleford, so I say, "All right, I go." You see, I know dat breeds they not keel me, 'cause I'm breed too, you see.

Dat night my old woman she tell me Little Wild Man, Big Bear's son, he's goin' Frog Lake too.

I know dat Little Wild Man, me. He's damn bad Injun. I know he's goin' there for make trouble.

I tell my old woman I pull out in de mornin' too, an' I hit de trail 'bout daylight nex' day.

'Bout fifteen mile de trail cross de Saskatchewan Ribber, at Jack Fis' Creek.

Dere I fin' Little Wild Man's cayuse and buckboard. He leave his buckboard dere and turn de cayuse out. Why he do dat is cause de ice, you see, is out in de ribber. Near the shore is de water, so dat cayuse can't go.

But Little Wild Man he swim out to de ice and get 'cross dat way, den away he go.

I do dat too. I want catch dat Little Wild Man.

At Turtle Lake Ribber, dat t'irty-fi'e mile more, I see where he mek hes second spell, and I t'ink I catch 'im p'raps where he am camp dat night.

I camp at Englishman Ribber, but I don't see no Little Wild Man.

Nex' day I trabbel fas' but can't catch dat fell'.

By Goss! he can go like moose.

When I come for dat Indian reserve near Two Big Hills, dat's Mackados' place, dey tell me Little Wild Man he pass dat side.

Den I know he's two spell' fore me (about six hours). I can't get Frog Lake dat night, so I camp.

Nex' day, day Sunday, when I get dere, ever'body's in church at mass. I go too, 'cause dat gal she's dere.

Jus' after I sit a little, when de priest say, in Latin, "De Lort He's with you," I look 'round queek and see Little Wild Man, and Wandering Spirit, and Gatherin' Arrows come in de door and stan' by de wall. Deys got dere guns and knives.

"Lif' up you' heart," say de priest, den; and he look straight at dat bad Injun.

"We lif' dem up to de Lort," say de odder.

I t'ink dat dey don't lif' dem up, 'cause ever'body's heart is too much 'fraid. De goot pries' he look down and see dat Injuns and he mus' know dey come for keel him.

But he not stop, but go right on.

Den two, t'ree more Injuns come in, and jus' when de pries' say:

"Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! Dominus Deus Sabaoth," Little Bear, he say, "You lie!" and strike de pries' wit' he's gun.

Den commence one awful time. Nobody got no gun only de Injuns. Ever'body go for fightin', and screamin', and run 'way.

I catch dat Ross gal queek, and mek her stan' behind one big breed woman dat I know, up 'gainst de wall.

Little Bear he struck dat pries' in de eye wit' de end of he's gun and mek 'im blin'.

De priest cry out, "Brother, you put out my eye, now you better keel me."

Den Little Bear he s'oot 'im dead.

De udder pries' he run 'way, and Wandering Sky he kneel down and tex good aim and s'oot 'im. De pries' he fall, but not dead.

Dat Wandering Sky tell he's son, w'at always been at school wit' dis pries', to keel de father, and he keel 'im.

Wandering Spirit he go to de agen', Tom Quinn, and say, "You go to my tepee or I'll s'oot you."

Tom Quinn laugh at 'im, and he say, "You black devil, you can s'oot, but I won't go to any Indian lodge when I don't want go."

Den he s'oot 'im, all but the two white women, an' one white mans, Mr. Cameron, he get 'way too.

By and bye I t'ink dose fell's too busy for see, and I go for tek dat Ross gal away; but Gatherin' Arrows he catch us and tek dat gal. Dat poor womans mek my heart sore. Dey're all in Gatherin' Arrows' tepee, and de two husbands keeled.

Den I mek bargain with Gatherin' Arrows, and buy dat t'ree womans for fi'e hoss.

At once I go an' get dat fi'e hoss from nodder good breed, Pritchard, and but dat womans.

Den I mus' keep wit' dem breeds an' Injuns, on'y now dey b'long me, you see.

Dose womans dey cry, an' sometime dey pray, an' not eat not'ing.

Down to Fort Pitt dey don' know what goin' on at Frog Lake. Dey hear fus' dat Big Bear's band up dere, and dey s'pose dat somet'ing goin' for happen.

Dere's 'bout dozen or mo' dose policemen dere; and dats H. B. post too. De Sargen' he wan' burn all de shacks and all go live in de barracks. Den dey tek de roof off dat barracks for keep de Injuns from meking it on fire wit' de arrows.

But de Factor he won' do dat t'ing. He say: "My kumpney dey put me here for tek care dat outfit, an' I won' burn dat stores, by Goss!"

Sometimes dey t'ink dey hear dat Injuns, but nebber see 'im. Den de Captain say, "Who want go Frog Lake see if Big Bear's Injuns dere? I gettin' 'fraid he's keel dat people."

Dat's what de Cap'n say; and t'ree mans say quick dey go.

When dey hit de wes' trail for Frog Lake, an' go 'long, and 'long, and don' see not'ing—no Injuns, and dat damn Injuns dey hide dere close to the Fort, jus' like gopher in he's hole, an' de t'ree mans don' see dem.

Well, dey come close for Frog Lake, and ever't'ing still. Dey come in de night, for dey don' want Big Bear's Injuns see dem. An' dats breeds, dey's worse. Dey come an' look an' go back. Dey don' see dat pries' shack is burn down and dat evr' white man is keel. Dey don' know dat t'ing 'tall.

An' I don' know me dat dey's dere, 'cause I'm keepin' dat gal and womans wot I but for fi'e cayuse.

Den dey tek de udder trail back for Fort Pitt.

When dey come close to de Fort, near where's de narrow place obber de muskeg, de breed guide what wit' dem say, "Dere's Injun here. Better look out!"

But dey say, "Dere's no Injun here. W'at you 'fraid for?"

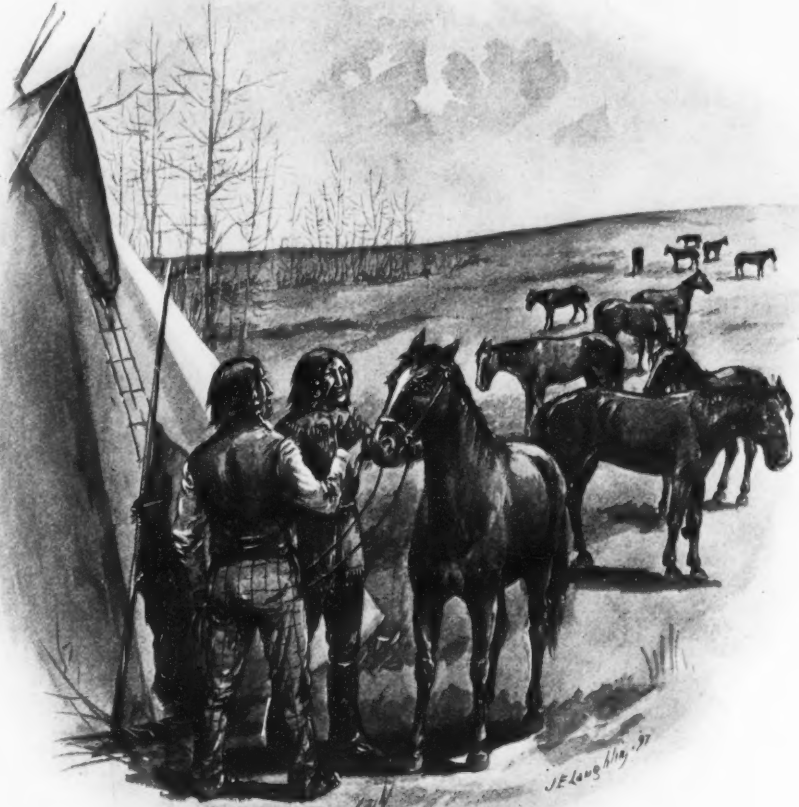
Jus' when dey come to dat narrow place, dat Injuns s'oot; s'oot like Billy-be-damn!

De Sargen' he jab de spurs in he's hoss an' go right t'rou' and purty near get to de Fort when he fall. T'ree, fo' breeds and Injuns deys chasin' 'im and s'ootin'. When he fall de police from de Fort dey run out an' git him and tek him in. But de Injuns dey git dere fus' and tek his belt and gun and pistol.

When de Injuns fus' jump up de P'liceman Cowan's hoss he get 'fraid an' run de odder way. Den de Injuns and breeds dey all chase him, an' one breed

wit' his rifle, jus' like he tek pot s'ot at de moose. When he s'oot, Cowan he fall down.

Den Stooped Runner he go fer kell Cowan.



"I BUY DAT T'REE WOMAN'S FOR FI'E HOSS."

When Cowan see who is de man, he say, "Don' keel me, brudder!"

Why he say dat is 'cause he know dat breed, Stooped Runner, an' alway give 'im grub for eat when he come de Fort, so he t'ink he's frien'.

But dat damn Stooped Runner he's bad fell', he say, "You got no brudder here."

Den he keel 'im, an' cut his heart out an' put on steak.

Den all de Injun and breed dey get all 'roun' dat Fort Pitt.

Den dey sen' word to de Fort ever'body go for clear out, an' dey don' keel 'im, s'pose dey go.

So den dey mek boats an' go down de river for Bat-l-ford, an' de breeds dey get all des stores in de Fort, an' burn 'im down.

I go too, me, wit' dose people, an' tek dat womans.

De breeds say, "We don' want fer keel Hudson's Bay man, he's our frien'. We want keel Guv'ment p'lice."

But dey all go get in de boat. Dey t'ink p'raps when dey get in de boat de breeds s'oot f'om de bank den.

When dey all in de boat, some Injun say, "Now we keel 'em." But some Injun and breed say, "No, we not do dat t'ing. S'pose we s'oot dey go fer odder side, where we got some frien' an' famil', an' keel dem," so dey don' s'oot, an' we go all for Bat-l-for'.

When we get dere, dat Cap'n King he say, "By Goss! Johnnie, I don' forget. De Guv'ment give you lots scrip' fer do dis t'ing."

Dat womans when dey come dere frien's dey cry mor'n ever—dey cry 'cause dey's glad.

Den de p'lice dey come f'om Calg'ry fer figh' dem breeds an' Injuns.

I go, me, too.

W'en dat rebellion all finis', de Guv'ment give me plenty scrip', an' alway good frien' for Johnnie Saskatchewan since.

An' dey hang dat seven fell's w'at was at Frog Lake.

De p'lice when dey come dey keel one breed w'at got P'liceman's Cowan's coat an' helmet, an' dey tie 'im to dere hosses' tail an' drag 'im all 'roun'.

Now dat's de true tale 'bout Frog Lake.

And as the light of battle died out from the black, fierce eyes, they fell gently, lovingly, upon one of the two bottles standing there on the deal table—and it wasn't the paraffin-topped one either.



"GALLOP HIS HOSS RIGHT 'CROSS DE P'LICEMAN'S HOSS."

he gallop his hoss right 'cross de policeman's hoss when he goin' 'long de side hill. De p'liceman he fell an' start for run.

De breed, he's name, de Stooped Runner, he lay down an' tek good aim



LE SABRE DE MON FRERE!

By Grace Sandys Denison.

LA SŒUR PHILOMENE opened the door of her little chamber and waved me in. "Entrez," she said, with a serious air, and I stepped reverently across the threshold of her virgin sanctuary. It was so sweet and pure and spotless, with diamond panes positively glinting with polish, with pale gray walls shining with immaculate paint, with rush chairs standing side by side under the high window-sill, and a narrow little bed wrapped in a snowy counte pane, and without a pillow. There was no table, no mirror; a brush hung by a little chain from a hook in the window-frame; a small white box lay on a tiny shelf below a tripod wash-stand; a granite iron bowl and water-can and soap-saver furnished the tripod, and a long, hemmed towel swung from a tiny rod thereby. *La Sœur Philomene* sighed with the heat, and the vigil she had just kept in her turn for the soul of the Foundress of this beautiful convent. For six hours she had knelt, from four, and it was now ten. She had risen before the lark on this midsummer morn, and had offered prayers, fasting, for the repose of that soul which was even then in Abraham's bosom, if there be any virtue in a useful and helpful course on earth. As I sat down on one little rush chair and pulled the weary virgin down on the other, I saw, high over the bed's head, above the crucifix and the tiny shell of holy water, something fastened against the wall. It was surely a broken sword, bent a little, broken in twain. I glanced at *La Sœur Philomene*, who had followed my eyes with hers as they traveled to the broken sword, and my eyes questioned her in spite of the discretion of my tongue.

"It is droll, is it not?" she said, and her beautiful lips drew tensely over her little pearly teeth, for *La Sœur Philomene* was beautiful beyond the ordinary, and generally her expression was angelically peaceful and holy. "And you want to know, curious one, why I have it there?"

With a quick movement she removed her long white veil of linen and stood up, a quaint gray-robed figure in a stiff, banded, white cap of linen, and at the back her curly little wisps of golden hair struggling to break the even tenor of the convent way, and be merry and natural and altogether adorable. And as she stood up, a subtle change came into every line of her supple young form; it stiffened, as her curving Cupid-bow of a mouth had stiffened, and her voice was harder than I had ever heard it.

"Listen and I will tell you the story of the sabre," she said, pointing one finger from a voluminous sleeve at the broken blade on the gray wall.

"Five years ago a brave young officer marched at the head of his Company, my only brother, my beautiful young soldier, my pride. He is still my hero—a million times he is my hero—brave brother, good Camille! He looked to be a soldier; he took pride in every duty; even the routine, of which most men tire, he found noble, or made it noble by his own nobleness. His men loved him; he was their friend; they respected him; he was their brave captain, who never

doubted their strength nor their fortune. As he relied on all of them, so each of them relied on him. So it is a good officer bears a great burden, the hearts of all his men. *Bien!* he was to be promoted, as he was already trusted, by his superiors. He loved; of course she adored him; who could help it? A superior officer, also being rich and noble, loved her too; him she dismissed, who never forgave her, and then she married my brother. There was a war; you know five years ago what a turmoil there was in the Orient? During this war plans were made of the French fortifications and entrusted temporarily to my brother's care. One morning the General sent for my brother, who entered his cabinet to find himself a prisoner; can you imagine? There were officers there, disturbed and grieving, and by and by they told my brother that these plans and papers which had been left in his care had been for some days in possession of

the enemy, and they demanded an explanation of how they got there. My brother was breathless; then rallying he smiled in the perturbed faces of his officers and saluted. 'Impossible!' was all he said. 'Gentlemen, my General, those papers are even now in my possession, safe in my private desk at my house.'

"Then they all shook their heads and told him plainly that the house had been searched in his absence; that the papers were not there; that writings and memoranda in his own chirography had been found, notes of the numbers of the papers and their contents and a date, with some remarks in cipher; that the date was about that on which the papers had fallen into the hands of an Eastern spy, who was known to have been in Paris at that time; that the spy had been traced to the camp; that, in short, it only remained for the captain to explain what possession of the tempter had induced him to wreck his career and put liberty away for ever.

"My brother grew frantic; by all his gods he swore to his own integrity; he besought his General rather to shoot him where he stood than to compel him to listen to a charge against his honor. Ah, my good friend, he died a thousand

deaths when the General said, 'Captain de la Roche, it is not an hour for theatricals. Have you nothing to say to explain how these papers have become the property of the enemy?' He shook his head, and they led him out, an old, silent and heart-broken man.

"I did not know, in my school here, a care-free maiden, what had happened until I was brought away by my sweet sister-in-law, who came, all in black, in a closed carriage and frightened me almost out of my senses, only she said my Camille was neither ill nor dead, and I thought I could well bear any other sorrow; therefore as we drove I felt under her black cloak for her hand, and waited till she chose to tell me.

"In her own room, where the blinds were drawn as if for a funeral, she threw herself into my arms and told me what I have told you. 'But—but,'



BY ALL HIS GODS HE SWORE TO HIS OWN INTEGRITY.

I stammered. '*Mon Dieu*, of course, she said quickly. 'And the vile creatures do not believe him. Fancy, my child, the General disbelieves. Oh, sons of pigs and idiots! and my Camille, our Camille, sweetheart, is therefore a traitor.' My heart grew cold as she shrieked; I faltered and sank down on my knees. '*Jesu, Marie*,' I whispered. 'What happens to our Camille?' 'This,' said his wife, flinging her arms wide, 'I lose him, as if he were dead. You lose him



CAMILLE WAS CALM AND QUIET.

No, they don't kill him, *cherie*; they are not so merciful. Listen! To-morrow at nine they march out, the fiend of a General, the devils of officers, the dolts of men! Why don't they die as they march, will you tell me? They are murderers! They murder him, me, you, his little baby son. Oh, my God! What? What do they do? Ah, it is nice and kind what they do to our innocent. They brand him traitor—God's own loyal officer; they cut off his buttons and his epaulettes; they break his sword in half; then when they have done all that they send him away, *forever*! Do you want to see where? She sprang to her feet and dragged me to a large table where maps were spread wide. Around a tiny speck in the ocean she had drawn a deep-red ink circle.

"This is his home, forever and ever." And then she fell forward on the map in a swoon. I thought she was dead; I had never seen anyone in a faint before. I screamed for help and the *bonne* came in, red-eyed and shivering, and we put her into bed, where all night long she raved and wept, and at dawn fell into a heavy stupor of sleep.

"As for me, *Mon Dieu*! what could I do? There was a pass upon the table, permitting us half an hour's converse with the prisoner, (ah, that name made me jump from my chair!) at noon of the next day. After he was dead, so to speak, we might look upon his remains before they were put into the tomb, the tomb with the red ring like blood about it. *Mon amie*! there is only one place on earth for me to-day, outside these convent walls; it is that tiny, rocky, military prison in mid-ocean!

"To resume! At eight I dressed and drove to the nearest point to the barracks, where I heard the drums and saw the soldiers march out into the square. Never mind how I managed it; no one knew me, and I lied to the gate-keeper's wife, and to many another that day.

"Then I saw Camille! Ah, my Christ! how white he was, but how noble; and they did everything—*everything* as my sister had said they would, and the men hung their heads, (they wept! God reward them), but Camille marched past everyone, with the sun on his curls, (blonde, like mine), and his face was calm and brave as if he were waiting for a sacrament. Once only he started and cried out as the superior officer broke his sword and cast the pieces contemptuously away. For you must know it was our father's sword, and Camille adored it. At the same time, *mon amie*, apart from that, you will allow it is a trial not to have even one's own unhallowed sword broken in sign one is a traitor. Ah, yes! that is hard enough. When Camille cried out I also cried out, and the two cries went up to God on one breath. Never mind. He heard them twice, and He knew about them!

"Then I slipped away from the warden's wife and drove home, but before I went I gave her a hundred francs if she would get me those two pieces of our father's sword. When she had done so—don't ask me how—I went back

with them, and my sister still slept. At noon we went to the prison; it was better than you would imagine. Camille was calm and quiet, like a Christ among his tormentors.

"Somehow I got a chance to tell him what I had done—his face lighted with a rich flush. 'My sister, my true soul,' he said, and then he kissed, not my lips, but my hand. Was it not a sacrament? So, *mon amie*, after my sweet sister had given him words that were to last a lifetime and he had trusted her in heaven, and we had gone away, I came back here, and every day for two hours I kneel here before the broken sword of my brother and pray for his restoration. Is that how I became a nun? *Mon Dieu*, of course it is! *Au revoir*, dear heart. In June I shall no more be able to have your visits. In June, you see, I take the black veil, which forbids them."

In June the daily papers contained three items which perhaps will interest you.

Item 1. "The admission of Sister Mary Philomene took place yesterday to the Sisterhood of the Order of the Sacred Heart, and a life of the strictest seclusion."

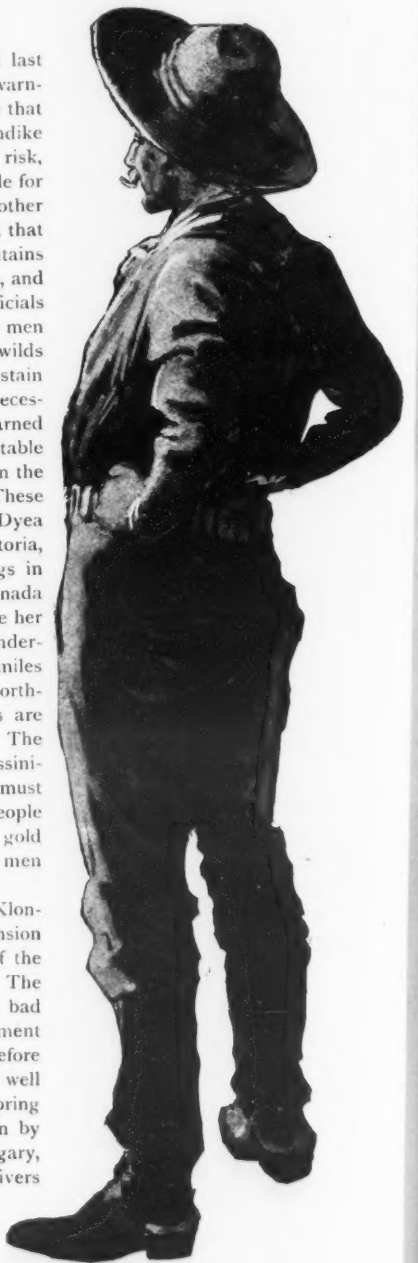
Item 2. "Investigations set on foot by the wife of Captain de la Roche, now a prisoner at the Island of ———, have resulted in a strong impression in military circles that his supposed betrayal of the plans of the fortifications to the enemy was really the plot of a secret enemy to ruin him. Jealousy is said to have been the motive of this vile scheme, and a superior officer, lately deceased, is the person on whom the odium has fallen."

Item 3. "Captain de la Roche, whose health has been failing for some time, died of malarial fever this morning. His widow will continue the investigations now *en train*, and there is little doubt they will end in the vindication of the honor of a man who has, if report speaks truth, owed his death to peridy on the part of a supposed friend. After the sudden death of Major Lamert, it is rumored that the missing plan of fortifications alleged to have been sold by Captain de la Roche to an Eastern spy, was found among Major Lamert's private papers. Madame de la Roche, as his sole legatee, is said to have made the discovery herself, and should these rumors prove true it will be another verification of the adage that 'Truth is stranger than fiction.'"

The Klondike.

SIR LOUIS DAVIES while in England last summer seized every opportunity of warning the English newspapers and people that Europeans who undertook to go to the Klondike in search of gold must do so at their own risk, without holding Canada in any way responsible for the intense cold of the Arctic winter or the other hardships to be there encountered. He said that thousands of men were going across the mountains with very poor equipments for the long winter, and that the Canadian Government had placed officials in the mountain passes to refuse admission to men who were found to be entering the northern wilds without sufficient food and clothing to sustain them until spring. It was very proper and necessary that Sir Louis Davies should have so warned the people of Europe, for it is almost inevitable that next spring stories of terrible hardships in the Yukon mines will reach the world's ears. These stories will be true enough, no doubt. At Dyea and Skagway, and at Vancouver and Victoria, experienced men have been issuing warnings in vain to the eager crowds rushing north. Canada must not suffer for an evil which she has done her best to prevent. Europe must be made to understand that the Klondike is one thousand miles north of the fertile fields of the Canadian North-West to which the people of the old lands are invited to come and take up prairie homes. The splendid stretches of country—Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan—as large as Europe, must not be confused in the minds of the British people at home with that extreme north-land where gold is being found in such abundance, but where men starve and freeze with fortunes in their hands.

The outcome of this year's rush to the Klondike country is awaited with grave apprehension by Canadians who understand something of the conditions prevailing in the far north. The valley of gold must not bring the curse of a bad name on the whole Dominion. The Government may possibly decide to guard against this before the spring opens, by having the real facts well advertised in Great Britain. In the early spring great numbers will probably go to the Yukon by the all-Canadian route, via Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and the chain of lakes and rivers beyond. This is the best of all routes, and will soon be open the year round for the sending in of supplies.





CHRISTMAS MORNING.



"JIM GLEESON says you are dead in love with their Jen" remarked Mrs. Fenner, looking up from her sewing as the schoolmaster stretched himself in the hammock swinging between the posts of the veranda on which she was sitting. "Did he?" enquired the young man without betraying the slightest interest.

"Yes; he told Fenner so to-day in the store. He says you are so soft on her that everybody in The Flats is laughing about it."

"Let them laugh," he retorted as he made himself comfortable with the pillow Mrs. Fenner had handed him.

"There were a lot of people in the store when he said it," continued Mrs. Fenner, who had long ago made up her mind that her boarder—the schoolmaster—should marry Annie Beebe; "but then it's just like the Gleesons, braggin' and blowin' as if they were the only people fit to speak to."

"It is not like Jen Gleeson, Mrs. Fenner," said he promptly, "though it may be like Jim or Hud."

Byron Wester was a handsome young fellow, and knew it. Slender, with blue-black hair and dark, gentle eyes, he was unlike the rough-and-ready young men who lived on "The Flats," and consequently was viewed with great favor by the young women and much suspicion by the young men and parents.

"Why didn't you go home with Jen from the entertainment last night?" asked Mrs. Fenner without looking up.

"Oh, nothing. She got huffy, and so when it was out I came home and went to bed."

"And let her go home alone!" suggested Mrs. Fenner.

"No. Jim was there; he took her home."

"No, he didn't. Annie Beebe saw her go past their gate and down the hill to The Flats alone."

"No!" exclaimed Wester, thoroughly ashamed of himself.

"Yes!" answered Mrs. Fenner triumphantly. "Jim went home with Fannie Smith, and what is worse, Jen said this morning that she refused to let you go home with her. I knew she was telling a story when she said it."

"Did she say so to you, Mrs. Fenner?"

"No, but she told Annie Beebe, and her brother Jim said the same thing in the store. He said he'd bet five dollars she'd never let you come hangin' 'round their house again. I guessed right straight that you had jilted her and she was trying to get out of it by pretending she had gone back on you," added Mrs. Fenner with a knowing toss of her head.

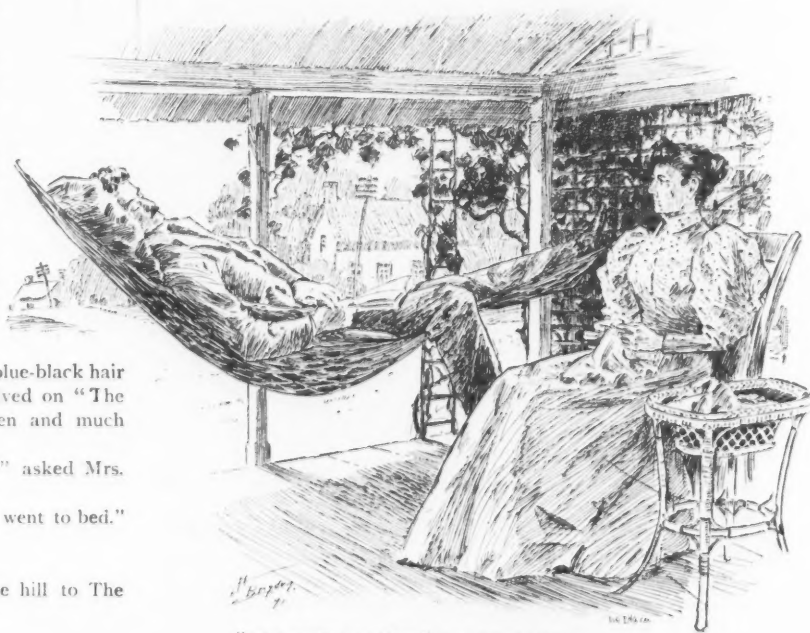
"I am sorry I spoke," answered Wester lazily. "Hereafter I shall make no statements which may contradict hers."

"What did you quarrel about anyway?" persisted Mrs. Fenner.

"I'd rather not talk about it, Mrs. Fenner," answered Wester coldly; "and as far as Jennie Gleeson is concerned, I would very much prefer that our conversation go no further."

"Now don't get huffy yourself, Mr. Wester," retorted the unabashed Mrs. Fenner. "I am undertaking the duty of being a mother to you, and you have submitted to it so long that I feel as if I had a right to take care of you."

The wife of Josiah Fenner, who kept the grocery store at Gleeson's Corners, was a blonde and rather good-looking woman who had never yet confessed to being more than thirty-five years of age. She had no children, and her house being the most comfortable one in the little cross-roads village, it had become known as the regular boarding-place of the successive—if not successful



"LET THEM LAUGH," HE RETORTED

—pedagogues who presided over the children of School Section Number Fifteen. She had succeeded in marrying a couple of them to young ladies of her choice, but her attempts to arrange the matrimonial future of young Byron Wester had so far met with utter failure.

He was not yet twenty, yet was too much of a favorite with all the girls in the neighborhood to consent to confine his attentions to one, particularly when that one was Annie Beebe, tall, dark, and almost sullen in her lonesome life and unappreciated beauty. Her poorly clad loveliness attracted him and her poverty excited his sympathy, and it must be confessed that he rather liked Mrs. Fenner the more because she was so anxious to provide a helpmate for one who so much needed a helping hand. His bustling and breezy landlady had indeed been good to him, nursed him through a fit of sickness, mended his linen, and cheered by her gossip chatter many an hour which otherwise would have been intolerably dull. Byron Wester was not studious. He liked to sleep and talk, and in his idleness he often felt that he was growing more selfish day by day. Recognizing the fact that he was good-looking and attractive, he on several occasions had taken pains to "cut out" young men who were paying attentions to young women in the district. Mrs. Fenner had taken great pride in his performances, but it can be readily understood that he did not increase his popularity thereby. For Jennie Gleeson he had shown a marked preference, much to Mrs. Fenner's disgust. She was the richest girl

Many years before, a ruffian had killed a young woman who loved him not wisely but too well, and had hidden her body in the culvert over which the farmers' wagons rattled as they turned to the right from the gravel road into Gleeson's lane. The body remained undisturbed until the following spring, and the murderer unto this day has never been found. The simple country folk most firmly believe that the poor girl's spirit rambles about the woods waiting to meet her lover, and hundreds can be found who would willingly swear they had seen the glint of her white garments fluttering between the trunks of the moss-grown trees.

As Byron Wester turned uneasily in his hammock and thought of poor Jennie Gleeson walking alone down the steep hill into the wretched Flats, he remembered that it must have been fully eleven o'clock before she reached the haunted lane, and thoughts of her terror sickened him with shame that she, trusting to his escort, had been forced to find her way home unattended.

"I ought to have been horsewhipped for the way I acted, Mrs. Fenner," exclaimed Wester impetuously. "I believe this is the first time in my life I ever felt I deserved such punishment, and I wonder that Jim Gleeson hasn't hunted me up and given it to me."

"Oh, I'll warrant you Jen never let on but what she had given you the mitten," answered Mrs. Fenner unguardedly, "or very likely Jim would have been looking for you."



SHE CALLED TO HIM IN A LOW, SURPRISED TONE.

thereabouts, the prettiest and most gentle, the idol of her father, the pride of her brothers, the comfort of her mother, and the torment of her Aunt Hannah, a maiden lady of very uncertain age and still more uncertain temper. John Gleeson was the proprietor of Gleeson's mills, which were nearly a mile from the Corners bearing the same name.

A half a mile from the Corners the highway suddenly dropped nearly a hundred feet into what was known thereabouts as Forsaken Flats. Gravelly and barren, they afforded but little return for the painful husbandry of the small farmers who eked their precarious existence from the reluctant soil. On such lands one always finds a poor class of settlers; and so miserably poor, rough and reckless were the people between the village and Gleeson's Mills that the saying went abroad that "God Almighty didn't care for The Flats, and The Flats didn't care for God Almighty."

Half-way across The Flats the land began to improve and was covered with heavy timber which skirted the mill-pond and clothed the hills on either side. Crossing the main highway a little road, overhung with elms, led down to the mill and passed it up a little hill to the forest-skirted orchard and picturesque little house of the miller. On one side the mill-pond lay like a little lake, its clear blue waters reaching within a hundred feet of John Gleeson's door; on the other side was the steep hill, up which ran a little path which was sometimes used as a short cut to the "Corners."

There was a popular belief in The Flats that at eleven o'clock at night a ghost haunted the entrance of the elm-shadowed road which led to the mills.

"That shows how good a girl she is, Mrs. Fenner," answered Wester as he put his hands behind his head and gazed thoughtfully at his landlady. "I see the reason now that she told a little fib. It was to keep me out of trouble and not to screen herself from ridicule. I think the registering angel will hardly enter that as a sin, but I blush to think what he, if the heavenly recorder be a 'he,' must have written down against me."

Mrs. Fenner saw her mistake and endeavored to turn the conversation and Byron Wester's thoughts back to the quarrel of the night before.

"You haven't told me what it was all about. How did you come to act as you did?"

"Well, I'll tell you, but it is on the distinct understanding that not a word of our conversation shall be repeated, and that you shall let the gossips think that Jennie acted exactly as she claims to have done. If I hear anything to the contrary I shall never forgive you and I won't stay another moment in your house, much as I like you and it," said Wester, in a tone which assured his auditor that he meant what he said.

"Oh, you can be sure I will never speak of it, Mr. Wester. I am not in the habit of carrying tales out of the house," answered Mrs. Fenner, her voice indicating that she resented her boarder's suggestion that she was sometimes given to use her tongue too freely.

"At the entertainment last night," Wester began, "Jennie sat in the seat ahead of me with Fannie Smith, and Laura Hutchison was in the seat with me. I hate that Hutchison girl," he exclaimed angrily, and Mrs. Fenner looked up



HE ROWED UPON THE POND WITH PRETTY JEN.

and raised her eyebrows enquiringly as she answered, "I don't know why you should. She is the prettiest and most stylish girl within five miles of here."

"Yes, but she is rude and unfeeling. Jennie wore her hair down last night. Some of it was on the desk in front of us, and Laura Hutchison kept putting her pencil on it so that every time Jennie moved it would pull. She thought I was doing it, turned around and gave me a reproachful look which would have made me behave myself even if I had been guilty of the rudeness she suspected me of. The moment she turned her face away Laura Hutchison laughed, and made such a funny face that I had to laugh too, though I never felt less like it in the world. Well, to make a long story short, the Hutchison girl kept at that until Jennie got real angry, and when I spoke to her and tried to explain she would not answer me, and after the first part of the programme was over she changed her seat. I got out of the door as soon as I could to catch her as she was going out, but hating to wait there I strolled up the road towards the corner. Laura and her brother overtook me and I had to talk with them. After they went on I stood by the corner till everyone had gone and she didn't come up, and I supposed that she and her brother Jim had taken the short cut over the hill. So you see that what she says is really true, though I confess I didn't take the pains I should have taken to find her."

"You needn't look so heart-broken about it," said Mrs. Fenner with a laugh; "you have cooked your goose as far as Jennie Gleeson is concerned, but there are plenty of other girls around here, and to my mind far nicer ones than she is."

"That is true enough," he answered. "I don't want you to think that I am taking the matter to heart and am likely to go into galloping consumption over it, but I hate to think that I acted so shabbily."

"I think you have had a narrow escape," said Mrs. Fenner with an air of settled conviction. "I can't see any reason why she should have got mad about a little thing like that, and I can tell you that she has got as bad a temper as the worst of us, only she hides it under her soft and babyish ways, and for my part I am glad that it happened. If I am going to be a mother to you I don't want to see you humbugged by such a deceitful little minx as Jen Gleeson."

"You speak warmly, Mrs. Fenner," said Wester with a laugh as he sat up in the hammock and re-arranged his disjointed collar. "Don't be so sure that I won't be able to explain the matter and fix it all right yet."

"Explain what matter, Wester?" demanded the short and pudgy Mr. Fenner, who had come in to his tea. "Your little tiff with Jen Gleeson?"

"Yes, that is what I believe we were talking about," answered Wester, yawning so conspicuously that a less obtuse man than the village merchant would have been warned that the conversation was not pleasing.

"Well, I'll just bet you five dollars that you dursn't set your foot on Gleeson land again after the snubbing you got last night."

"Well, I'll just bet you five dollars, Mr. Fenner, that I will take tea with the Gleesons on Sunday night if you will be kind enough to say nothing about it in the meantime or afterwards. I have been explaining to your wife that it is not a pleasant thing to talk about, and it will be very disagreeable to me if this matter is discussed any further. If anyone talks about it in the store I wish you would tell them to mind their own business."

Mr. Fenner stood considerably in awe of his handsome boarder, and a warning look from his wife settled the matter.

CHAPTER II.

It was a midsummer afternoon, cool where the wind blew, hot in the shelter. The winds were stirring the late roses on the dusty bushes overhanging the fences at Gleeson's Corners. Encouraged by the blithesome air full of the perfume of ripening harvests, the robins were singing gaily, the humming-birds glistening through the bushes, and it seemed one of those rare blendings of the freshness of spring, the golden-tinged beauty of autumn, and the brilliant hues of summer time. The Sabbath stillness brought out every feature, made more audible the droning of the bees, the chirping of the crickets, the twittering of the birds, and seemed to add to the gentle beauty of the fields which lay alongside the gravel road down which Byron Wester sauntered toward Gleeson's Mills. The woollen yachting-shirt with its loosely rolling collar and gay tie, the light tweed suit, uncompleted by a vest, which hung gracefully about his slender figure, a white straw hat with its blue and black ribbon as it sat jauntily upon his crisp black curls, lent to the pale beauty of his face the graceful but misleading air of a young man who thoroughly understood himself and held his surroundings in no great respect. Where the road dipped abruptly down the face of the hill he cut a slender stick, with which he switched at the dust-laden thistles and crackling mullein stalks which marked the margin of the beaten track from the mossy and lichen-grown gravel stretching away over The Flats, but half-hidden in the fields by the tall and scanty blades of rye which grew on the barren lands.

There were rose-bushes and some sunflowers and hollyhocks in front of the weather-beaten cottage of the Beebes, but unconsciously he turned up his nose in scorn at the thought of Mrs. Fenner's favorite—who had been offered in vain to his two predecessors—and the poverty within the weather-beaten house. As he passed the gate the door opened quickly and Annie, decked out in her Sunday finery, prettily made and in good taste, though cheap, ran

out through the little porch. His steps did not quicken, but he sauntered along, turning his eyes neither to the right nor left, for he did not want to see her. She called to him in a low, surprised tone, sweet enough to allure a man to the side of so pretty a woman; still he pretended not to hear it, began to whistle, and strode unheedingly on, though perhaps he may have appreciated how bitter an experience it was to the pretty Annie to be passed so coldly by.

The good soil, which had even of recent years been washed over the face of the hills into The Flats, grew thinner still as he advanced. Nothing but shanghai fences separated the fields from the road. The old wagons, blind and decrepit horses, miserable barns and still more wretched houses of the gravel teamsters, dotted the wayside. The toll-bar and the little tavern were passed, and the green again began to mark the good lands beside the river. At the corner of the highway and Gleeson's lane a tall elm spread its graceful foliage, and warmed by his rapid walk, made more rapid still lest he might be hailed by some of the teamsters or their not over-modest sisters or daughters, he paused for a moment in the grateful shade, passed his daintily hued silk handkerchief over his forehead, and glanced back over the hot and breezeless Flats.

"They are well named," said he, talking half-nervously to himself, "and I verily believe that The Flats do not care for God Almighty and that God Almighty doesn't care for The Flats. Drudgery through the day, whisky-drinking and card-playing during the night and over Sunday, discontent and unhappiness always. Great gods, what lives these people lead! And yet," thought he after a pause, "how much better am I? For a year and a half I have loitered about here making myself believe I am teaching something to the children in the school, but I know it amounts to nothing, and I have done no good to anyone, least of all to myself. I have read nothing, studied nothing, my law books have not been opened, even my money has not been saved. I believe the contagion of these infernal flats is upon me. I care for nothing any more except to amuse myself and sleep. Poor little Jen down here is the only star that shines through the night of this despicable, commonplace and low-down section of the universe."

As he thought of her he pulled his hat down over his curls and started along the shady lane, slowly, irresolutely, as if he were not quite sure of his reception or of his motive in going. Indeed, he must have mostly suspected his motive, for the kind gods who arranged the stars in their places on his birth night forgot to put in a particle of fear in Byron Wester's composition.

"Confound it, why don't I let it go as it is? Our spooning has been broken off, as it should have been long ago, and I have no right to renew our old relations, for I certainly don't mean to marry her, and she, poor little thing, is for the time so much in love that maybe she will not forget it in a hurry—no, nor I won't," thought he, as he switched viciously at a yellow-eyed mustard blossom. "If I were rich, if I had lots and lots of money, I believe I could take little Jen and by travel and half an effort make as pretty a little lady out of her as I will ever see—and so sweet! Who could imagine a more loving and faithful little soul than hers? Old Aunt Hannah can't make her believe anything evil of me, though God knows she has reason enough to. I wish I were as good as she is, or half as happy as she would be if I left her alone."

By this time he was at the gate, the big white mill on his right separated from the house by the deep green of the orchard; the mill-pond glistened through the dying leaves, and a lonely thrush in the hillside thicket to his left sang its hermit song with a pathos which seemed to touch with every note the better instincts of the youth, who, with half-formed nature and half-filled eyes, gazed at the little white house over which the hop vines clambered lovingly into the sight of the sun. He could see the little summer-house under the crab-apple trees whose boughs were interwoven with grape vines, and the little glimpses of white muslin suggested the pretty little Jen as its occupant. Leap-

ing over the fence at the right of the path, he reached the gate between the mill and the house, and from that vantage point could see that Jennie was alone. Thoughts of what he ought to do, fears for himself and fears for her all vanished. He would see her and tell her that he would not for the world be unkind, nor had he intended to leave her to find her way at night alone through The Flats.

The Gleesons were not poor, and one of Aunt Hannah's great ambitions, stimulated by memories of the bright green of the garden in old England, was to have a neatly clipped and well watered lawn. A little aqueduct had been built from the mill-race above, and from this a hose distributed the moisture over the grass plot, the velvety surface of which gave back no sound as Byron Wester hurried to join the pretty Jennie. Down amongst the trees, in the vine-covered summer-house, the cool wind of that lovely Sabbath scarce found chance to stir, and as she lay at length upon the canvas seat she had found it so warm that her sleeves had been pulled up, showing her daintily rounded arms, and the brooch had been loosened at her throat, displaying a still more

beautifully moulded neck. Expecting no one but perhaps her brothers, her attitude was careless with the abandon of graceful youth and summer heat. Her cheek resting on her arm, an open book beside her, she was thinking, half dreaming, and that her dreams had not been altogether happy was proven by the tear-stains on her pretty cheeks.

Byron Wester halted abruptly, and leaning against the broad doorway of the arbor gazed upon her unobserved, his heart beating quickly and his pulses throbbing with a desire to pick the sweet little fairy up in his arms and kiss away the cares which were shadowing her girlish life. Her eyes closed, and another tear stole from under the long lashes. In another moment he had her in his arms. She awoke with a little cry, but without protest she yielded to his embrace and wept still other tears, the happy ones of forgiveness and content.

"Did you think I really intended to leave you, to desert you? Did you imagine for a moment, had I known that you were going home alone, I would have— You don't conceive for an instant that the whole miserable occurrence was planned by me for your discomfiture?"

"Not now, dear, but Aunt Hannah said that it was just like you, that you intended to jilt me and did it on purpose," she whispered.

"Your Aunt Hannah is a mean, suspicious old thing, Jennie, and I want you to help me prove to her that she was wrong."

"Why, she will know she is wrong when she sees you here. But I don't care who is wrong so long as you are with me. I feel just as happy now as I ever did, and I won't cry another tear, so don't look at the stains on my face, until I think you are cross to me again," she exclaimed, throwing her arms about his neck.

"But Jim—what does he think about it? May I expect him to rush at me with a club as soon as he sees me?"

Jennie laughed merrily. "You can be sure no one will try to misuse you so long as you are good to me."

"Then they never will, Jennie, for anyone would deserve to be hanged, drawn and quartered if they were not good to little Jen."

No story needs to be retold which is known by every story-teller, every listener to a story, but Byron Wester sat that night at the tea-table amongst the Gleesons, who thought so little of him, and at night he rowed upon the pond with the pretty Jen. Too early Aunt Hannah made them come in, and they obeyed. Then they volunteered to feed the calves, and with three pails of milk, which they carried together, they went to the little calf pasture which reached down to the water.

While the calves were burying their heads in the milk, Byron Wester slipped away and brought the boat, and together he and Jen crossed to the other side; no evil was in their hearts, and they wandered about until the strange changing of the shadows made by a midsummer moon alarmed the girl and she suggested that it must be time for them to go home. The schoolmaster felt for his watch, but he had left it at his boarding-house when



"I MAY HAVE A FOOL NIECE, BUT I'M NO A FOOL MYSELF."

he donned his flannels. However, accepting the situation, he rowed across the pond, and picking up the pails which they had taken for the calves he was dropping them on the doorstep, when Aunt Hannah came out and her North of England tongue was let loose.

"I may have a fool niece, but I am no a fool myself, and you will no come back to Gleeson's mills unless you come with a marriage license and a parson with you."

Wester looked at her quite calmly, for he felt that he was master of the situation unless one of the brothers appeared upon the scene. "Good night, Aunt Hannah. We have had a very pleasant time. We fed the calves, and we have also had a nice little boat ride. I will call again next Sunday."

Jennie had insidiously crept behind her aunt and fled indoors.

"You will no come again next Sunday. Do you know what the 'oor is?"

Wester said that he had left his watch at home but he imagined it must be nearly eleven o'clock.

"It is two 'oors past the midnight," said the aunt with a voice sharp enough to wake the whole valley.

"I beg you then," said Wester, "not to speak so loudly or you will waken people who are asleep. Good night."

And with the enraged spinster glaring at him he strode slowly up the path, sprang over the gate and wended his way homeward, wondering if he had said or done anything that would make him in honor bound to marry Jennie Gleeson.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Fenner restrained herself during the morning meal, but as she sat down to supper Byron Wester felt that he had to undergo a cross-examination and unlimited reproaches. He had passed the early stages of the meal before Mrs. Fenner felt that she should begin. "Annie Beebe was here last night," exclaimed Mrs. Fenner as she placed a dish of raspberries before him.

"So sorry," he answered. "I would have been here had it not been for that experiment suggested by your husband."

"It didn't matter whether you were here or not, but you had no right to use her as you did."

Wester recognized his guilt, but proceeded to flippantly remark, "I appear to be using everybody, particularly of the female sex, badly. Now what is my particular crime with regard to Annie Beebe?"

As she rose, Mrs. Fenner's hands sought her hips as on washday, while she glared at the good-looking schoolmaster.

"Please don't be tragic, Mrs. Fenner. Your weight and years should prevent you being anything but the good-natured, motherly soul that you are. Now just blow yourself off and I will make any explanation or apology that is necessary rather than have strained relations with one who has been so good to me."

The entreaty was in vain, for Mrs. Fenner was resolved to be tragic.

"Do you know the first thing she did—?"

"Who did?" enquired Wester.

"Annie Beebe of course. I am talking about her. When she came last night she simply screamed and threw her arms around my neck—"

Wester, at a loss for words or time to obtain them, ate his berries in silence. The silence was so prolonged that finally he exclaimed, "There have been many times in my life, Mrs. Fenner, since I have resided with you, when I have felt inclined to scream and throw my arms around your neck, but I refrained from doing it lest Mr. Fenner might come into the house or you might call for him."

This rather improper speech made no change in the belligerent Mrs. Fenner. The palms of her hands clung still more closely to her hips; her lips tightened.

"You are a scallawag, Byron Wester. I am sorry I have housed you. A man who can sit unmoved and hear that a girl like Annie Beebe went into hysterics over him last night, isn't fit to live."

Wester continued with his berries, which he was eating very slowly in order to prolong a somewhat limited dish. "My dear Mrs. Fenner, I am not anxious to live and I am not prepared to die. What would you suggest?"

"That you should immediately apologize to Annie Beebe for the way you treated her last night. Her heart is broken—"

"Surely not so bad! Hearts are not broken anywhere nowadays, and certainly not in The Flats, because an unimportant stranger in the neighborhood passes by without recognizing a young person who would keep one from fulfilling an engagement—"

"Engagement, you frivolous creature," shrieked Mrs. Fenner. "You had no engagement. You were trying to win a bet."

"Possibly. But I must really ask you to keep that feature of the case to

yourself, as was agreed before I went down to Gleeson's Mills yesterday. But tell me about what happened last night."

"Annie Beebe," moaned Mrs. Fenner, in a tone half-furious and wholly despairing, "came here last night as if she had been stricken with palsy, and threw her arms around my neck and said you had insulted her by passing her door and refusing to look at her when she called to you. She loves you with all her might, and she hain't a girl that loves twice. If she misses the first one she likes, Annie is the sort of a girl to drown herself."

Byron Wester got up from the table, looked calmly at Mrs. Fenner for a moment, and then his vision turned into his own heart, and all the naturalness of the youth was gone.

Mrs. Fenner still stood with her arms akimbo, a handful of her dress on each hip tightly clasped in her fingers. They gazed at one another for a moment, and the young schoolmaster broke the silence as he turned to go away to his room, with the exclamation, "Let her drown."

Next afternoon, according to the agreement which he had made with the trustees of the school, Byron Wester had the option of saying whether he would continue for another half-year or leave at once. As the young man mounted the stairs to his room, the miserable failure that he had made of his studies, the still more miserable failure to be of use to anyone socially, and the haunting suspicion that everybody was either making game of him or seeking to secure him as a drudge, dulled all his nobler nature. He sat by the window puffing at a meerschaum pipe that he had for six months been trying to color, and between the whiffs of smoke he cursed Mrs. Fenner and Annie Beebe, and School Section Fifteen, and the Gleesons, and all those who had apparently been tricking him while he appeared to have been tricking them. The tobacco smoke sickened him; he threw the pipe from him, smashing it against the fence on the other side of the lane.

Seeking more air, for he felt that he had acted like a fool and a cad, he walked through the little orchard, but the smell of the buds brought no peace to him, and the dog, wet from the river, who sprang upon him with a friendly embrace, was kicked till he ran yelping away.

He resolved to go to bed and sleep off his troubles, but no sleep came to him. He arose and wrote his resignation, addressing it to Mr. Fenner and asking that it be accepted immediately. Again he tried to sleep, and again and again came to his vision the petty emotionalism and the weaknesses of those amongst whom he dwelt. He examined himself as to his own youth, and he found no strength; there was no star except his sudden love for Jennie Gleeson which held him fast to any idea that in the whole world there was any attachment worthy of being perpetuated. All the tricks and coquetries of the girls he had known in the neighborhood collected before him as a map of deceit, self-interest and rivalry. A thousand times he called himself a fool, and muttering "I am a fool," he went to sleep.

In the morning his resignation was duly deposited with Mr. Fenner, and within an hour it was the property of everyone within miles of Gleeson's Corners. At noon he did not come home to dinner, but stayed his hunger with a couple of apples which had been placed upon his desk.

At afternoon recess, which in country schools comes at a quarter to three, he told the children that they need not come back, as there would be no more school that day, nor until after the holidays.

He had not decided what to do. Out of his weak nature had gone the only strong thing in it, his belief in women, yet he thought to soothe his agitation by locking once more upon the little valley in which Gleeson's mills turned out the lumber and the flour for The Flats and for many miles around. Slipping down the little footpath, while the sun was still high, he came upon the pretty little house, the orchard and the lawn, and upon Jen.

They sat and talked together, and he told her everything; of what her brothers had said, of the bet he had made, and of his inability to marry anybody.

As she listened to him he saw that her face was like that of her brother Jim—flat, her nose weak, her mouth large and her chin heavy; yet he could not deny the fact that she was young and fresh, and with all her faults beautiful. Again he felt that he was a cad, a miserable nobody, that he was running away from troubles which had been created for him and by himself. Nevertheless, her tears had failed to soften him when Aunt Hannah discovered them in the summer-house and came to drive him away. He lost his temper, and called her names which would not look well in print. Yet in the midst of his temper Byron Wester saw his opportunity of escaping.

"All right, Aunt Hannah. You seem to be the match-maker of this family and to have appointed yourself judge of everybody who comes here or goes from here, so I will accept your verdict; I go."

And he went, and never again saw the face of the girl who loved him so well, and who will say it was not best?





THE JESTER IN DISGRACE.



I have been staring at my Japanese tea-cup so long that I could almost imagine that Zingou's eyes have shifted a little in my direction. Zingou is a young lady in a kirimon of scarlet and green and gold, and an obi of marvelous embroidery, and she is eternally trying to peer over the edge of the bowl at Kitsné, who conducts a shoemaking establishment inside. Kitsné is probably aware of a certain inequality in rank and circumstances, for he never looks up. Sometimes I admire him for a man of sense and self-control, and sometimes I say to him:

"Kitsné, you silly beggar, turn your head; don't you know there is a charming little peach-blossom face within a quarter of an inch of your own?"

I have had them for years, those two, and I begin to be very sorry for Zingou, but she is a proud little person and I hesitate to offer my sympathy. Perhaps I will fill the cup with tea or saki and drown Kitsné altogether and set his wooden shoes afloat—he deserves it. At all times it is rudeness to keep a lady in suspense, but when she is such a lovely creature as Zingou, and is covered all over with azaleas and lotos and citron flowers, and has two liquid brown eyes and the daintiest of hands, why, then it becomes criminal.

I have just made a discovery. On the bottom of the cup is some design so microscopic that I cannot distinguish it without a glass. It is composed of two figures—Zingou and Kitsné clasped in each other's arms, but the curious thing is that Zingou hasn't a hair on her head. Could Kitsné in a frenzy of affection have pulled it all out?

It was morning in Veddo, and Kitsné sat in his door chipping away at his wooden sandals, and occasionally staring across at the fish sausage shop opposite, for he was very hungry. Kitsné had been hungry ever since he had learned his Irova—since he was a child, that is—but he had always contrived to keep honest and out of debt, which is a great thing in Veddo, and possibly, by reward of virtue, brought about the great piece of good luck that was to befall him.

The street was full of noises. The Dance of the Lion of Corea was in full swing in one direction, while a tumbler was drawing a crowd in another to his model of the Temple of Amida and its devotional white mouse. The discordant cries of a rag-picker, with his baskets well filled from the streets of the Honjo, clashed with the monotonous wail of a vendor of broken porcelain—and tinkers, coopers, fan-menders, jugglers with birds, balls and eggs, cabinet-makers redolent of the camphor wood of Kioussou, and peddlers of cheap kirimons, with their brilliant wares suspended from bamboo rods, all hurried by, unheeded and unheeding, on their way to the city.

Presently up the street came a norimon carried with great dignity by bearers wearing the livery of a daimio. One of the lacquered sliding doors was a little open, and Kitsné, happening to glance again towards the sausage shop, beheld a little hand—a shapely little hand—hanging pensively from the curtains. Now that hand gave Kitsné a curious thrill, it looked so soft and delicate and youthful, and when Zingou put her head out, presumably to speak to her bearers, his heart gave quite a jump—which may have been caused either by hunger or possibly by the extreme beauty of Zingou. The maiden beckoned to a vendor of ivories who was loitering near, and then her eyes met Kitsné's, glowing with respectful admiration. She blushed. Why she blushed I am sure I cannot say, but at any rate a pink glow, like the sunset kiss on Fousie-Yama, fled all over her face and made her doubly captivating in the eyes of the poverty-stricken sandal-maker. She slid the door hastily across the curtains, disappearing exactly like a cuckoo after the clock has struck, and the norimon proceeded slowly up the street.

Zingou's blush did not disappear as quickly as might have been expected; she snuggled down among her cushions and ate sweetmeats abstractedly. "What a very handsome man," she thought innocently. "What a great, tall, noble creature was that sandal-maker! (Kitsné, by the way, was five feet long). And how he looked at me! Pooh! have not other men looked at me? What has my father's daughter to do with a cobbler?"

She leaned her head on her hand and presently began fidgeting with her sandal. A minute passed.

"Dear me, how is this? The strap has come off. How very unfortunate! Chingwaki, return at once in the way we have come and stop at the first cobbler's shop. My sandal is broken!"

CHAPTER II.

It has happened before, it will happen again, and not even the most opulent daimio of Nippon can prevent it. Little did the unconscious Akidzuki

imagine that the man with the grass-hoppers from the heights of Doknan-Yama, that pleased the dainty Zingou so much, was none other than the humble shoemaker Kitsné. Little did he fancy, on those brilliant nights when the gondola shot beneath the shadow of the Liogokou-bassai, that the stalwart gondolier was none other than Kitsné. It was all one! Whether it was the sound of the samsin in the banana grove on still evenings—Kitsné again—or the fisherman in his straw cloak who brought the sea-leeches for the daimio's table—it was always Kitsné. Never was maiden possessed of such a persistent and daring lover. But this, alas! could not long continue.

One night, warned by the sweet notes of a guitar that her lover was near, Zingou slid the panel of her apartment aside and stepped into the garden. All was still. The moonlight shone on great white mulberry flowers, on camellias, violets and iris, on the ripening clusters of peaches, plums and cherries. It glimmered on the ponds scattered here and there among the graceful shrubs, and showed the water banks enameled with the most exquisite flowers, while the rich scent of the lily perfumed the balmy air.

But Zingou paused not to regard the beauty of the night; she hurried on till she gained the garden wall. This wall was high and thick, but Zingou and Kitsné knew of a hole where hands might clasp, and once in a great while, only in cases of emergency of course, lips might meet in a kiss that recked but little of sandals or daimios. To-night the maiden slipped her butterfly of a hand through the aperture with a coo of delight, when to her horror it was seized in a grasp of iron and the voice of her father fell upon her terrified senses.

"Faithless daughter, you are trapped at last; you have betrayed yourself. This guitar"—and here Akidzuki violently jumped upon the unoffending instrument—"was merely a ruse. Your lover is here gagged and bound, and to-morrow will learn the direction of the convict Island of Fatsisio."

It was in vain the poor Zingou wept and prayed; she was conducted to the house, shut up in her own apartment and left to sob her little heart out in useless protest.

Now Akidzuki was in reality devoted to his daughter, and being, though haughty, a merciful man, had, when morning dawned, quite repented of his harsh threat with regard to Fatsisio, but at the same time he resolved to hit upon some device by which he could rid Zingou of her impossible and importunate suitor and effectually crush his image from her heart.

It was still early when the unfortunate Kitsné was released from his bonds and led before the mighty daimio. At the same moment Zingou, running hastily into the room, flung her arms about his neck and assured him of her eternal devotion.

"Hold, my daughter," thundered the scandalized Akidzuki, "do not further disgrace yourself. As for you, miserable cobbler, be thankful that you still retain your head. What have you to say for your despicable and presuming self?"

At this Kitsné burst into a storm of excuses and regrets. How could anyone help loving Zingou?—which was a question impossible to answer. Was



she not the fairest, sweetest, most maidenly blossom in all the girl gardens of Yeddo?—which she certainly was. Would not he, Kitsné, be at this moment content to die for her if need be, and count the sacrifice cheap at that? On the last clause I have my doubts, and so had Akidzuki, but at the same time he could not fail to be touched by the evident sincerity of the young Kitsné's love. Still, he must be got rid of at all costs, so the daimio replied with crafty wisdom:

"My children, I would not cause you needless pain. I desire for you, Zingou, nothing but happiness. (Here the faces of the culprits assumed a more cheerful expression). This young man must prove himself worthy of you before he gains my consent to your union. Are you agreed?" Zingou and Kitsné regarded each other rapturously for a moment and both nodded with emphasis. "You are? Then my test is this: My rice fields to the south of the city are nearly ready for harvest. It is true they are rich, but every year I lose much wealth in the fruit which falls to the ground. Some of it is collected, but not all. You shall proceed, Kitsné, to-morrow at break of day, to the field known as Benten, and pick from the ground every grain of rice. If in the evening I find a single seed remaining, you renounce all claim to Zingou; if, on the other hand, you prove your courage, endurance and industry, she is yours. I say no more."

During this address the face of the shoemaker had assumed a sickly pallor. He recognized the craft in this condition, impossible as it was of execution, and felt that his beloved was lost to him forever. The rice at that time of the year lay upon the ground as thick as sand; a yard or two he might clear of grains, but a whole field—never! His heart died within him, and as he turned away a large tear trickled down his cheek.

Suddenly a small hand slid into his and the voice of Zingou whispered:

"Courage, my celestial one! Trust me and all will yet be well!"

CHAPTER III.

In the gray light of early morning, before the longest ray of sunshine had touched the chilly peak of Fousie-Yama, a small figure might have been seen creeping along the streets towards the barber's quarter. It was Zingou. As if fearful of observation she often glanced behind her and drew the folds of her kerchief closer around her head and face. Presently she paused, hesitated, drew back a few steps, and stifled a little sob as her hand wandered unconsciously up to the twists and coils of her beautiful black hair.

"Can I?" she muttered, wringing her hands. "Shame on me to hesitate when he would give his whole life for me!" And she ran up a little stairway and disappeared behind the bamboo screens and straw hangings of the barber's shop.

It might have been half an hour later that a small boy, dressed in a coarse blue kirimon and with his head nicely shaved, save for the three tufts allowable, hurried from the barber's quarters towards the rice fields. When he reached his destination he sought out the lazy overseer and offered his services to keep the birds away from the field of Benten. Now it so happened that as the bird-scarer was absent, the overseer was only too glad to replace him without further trouble, so he pointed out the lofty little platform among the bamboos where the boy was to sit, and, turning over on his mat, was soon fast asleep.

The unhappy Kitsné was already at work, and but a very small patch of cleared soil rewarded his efforts, while the vast stretch of rice before him seemed to remind him that his efforts were futile. He did not turn his head as the bird-scarer clambered to his place and began to pull the cord of the great flapping straw screen that kept the feathered robbers from the rice. When the sun arose in full splendor and the overseer made his first round, he saw only the stooping figure of the solitary laborer and the monotonous movement of the boy on his perch in the bamboos.

And so it was through the long, hot day—always the man in the rice, the flapping of the screen, and the creak, creak of the cord.

As the hours dragged on Kitsné worked with the fever of desperation, though his ears were singing, his back aching with constant stooping, and his neck and face fairly blistering in the pitiless sunshine. If Zingou came she should find he had done his utmost, but Zingou did not come! At last the day drew to a close, and there were but two hours left. The visits of the overseer grew fewer and shorter. He shouted to the boy on the platform that the day had been warm.

"It has," answered the boy carelessly, "and I shall enjoy that bowl of saki I have left beneath the cherry tree at the side of the road!"

The overseer nodded, grinned unpleasantly and disappeared. "It is well," muttered the boy; "he will come no more," and he looked at Kitsné on his hands and knees in the distance.

Suddenly the cobbler stopped and looked up. The screen was still, and there stole from the little platform a thrill of joyous melody, so high, so clear and sweet, that it seemed as if the birds of heaven had combined their most perfect notes to form a single song. Again and again it rose, each time more thrilling and more complete; such a twittering, warbling, chirping, and bubbling, such shakes and scales and chromatics and crescendos as the enraptured shoemaker had never dreamed possible. He forgot the rice and the daimio; he even forgot Zingou, as he stood with his mouth open, staring at the platform, his whole soul steeped in the delicious melody, his very being lost in the great, mysterious flood of song.

And it was only the bird-scarer after all; only the little shaven boy in his coarse kirimon and his modest obi, standing on the edge of the shelf, his face lifted to the sky, his throat vibrating and swelling with his music!

Presently a bird with a red and white breast fluttered down and stood listening, and then a second, and a third, and a fourth, and more and more, till the narrow platform was covered with them and they circled overhead and dropped downwards to the ground like a fall of peach blossoms. And still they came—pheasant, woodcock, plover and snipe, bittern and heron, whole clouds of paddy-birds, larks, swallows and sparrows,

Tan-Chiyan, the crane, and Oshi-dori, the mandarin drake, all wheeling and swooping till the whole air was full of gorgeous colors and the whirr of wings that darkened the sun and stretched in countless numbers as far as the astonished Kitsné could see.

As suddenly as it had begun the music ceased, abruptly, sharply, in the middle of a full, wild note. The boy sat down, Kitsné rubbed his eyes, and the whole enormous band of birds fell upon the field of Benten. The grain began to disappear as if by magic—even as he looked, the little space he had cleared spread and spread as the birds, in an ever-widening circle, devoured the rice. And now, indeed, the shoemaker recognized the hand of the gods. Some deity had looked with favor upon his struggles, and, taking the form of the boy, had thus presented himself. Kitsné fell upon his face before the platform.

"Rise," said a voice; "rise and see how thou art delivered." And when he rose there was not a grain of rice upon the whole wide field of Benten, and far away on the western horizon he saw the birds, a rosy belt against the sunset clouds.

"Who art thou?" cried Kitsné, trembling.

"Who am I? Wait." There was a scramble, a cry of astonishment, a little tender coo, and the cobbler and the bird-scarer fell into each other's arms.

When, in the evening, the crafty Akidzuki rode up from the city, the first thing he beheld was his precious rice field swept as clean of grains as a tea-house mat, and at that he was confounded, but when he went a little further on and beheld that touching tableau beneath the bamboos he was still more confounded, but reading at a glance in Zingou's little shaven head the sacrifice that had no thought of self, he did not say, "Bless you, my children," but far better, he turned and rode softly down to Veddo and left the two together in the purple perfumed dusk.

The fire is out, and I drift slowly back to the consciousness of time. I put my treasure back on the mantel and wonder whether this was the story of Kitsné, the Cobbler, and Zingou, the Lady Without Any Hair—or whether they were only created of the wandering fancy of some fat painter down the Honjo way.

The Climate of Canada.

WHEN Rudyard Kipling wrote *The Lady of the Snows* the feelings of Canadians may be described as very mixed—pleased with the attention of a poet greatly admired of Canadians, proud of the occasion that called forth the poem, yet resentful of the appellation which he had coined or made current. People in Great Britain cannot, perhaps, quite realize why Canadians should be so sensitive about the weather of the country. References to our climate are often uncomplimentary, and we have come to understand that we must defend it against unjust accusations that are made continually. We have done a great deal to encourage misapprehensions. We have built palaces of ice and sent pictures of them all over the world, until now the mere mention of Canada suggests ice and snow to the mind of a European. Travelers making the tour of the world are careful to carry home snow-shoes, toboggans and furs, to prove that they have visited British North America. In some of the English papers we see items that justify the belief that many English editors have no conception whatever of the dimensions of the Dominion of Canada. They cannot understand that while the Hudson's Bay is in Canada, the climate of the Hudson's Bay is only a local northern one, and that a thousand miles to the south there stretches across the continent a country immense in area, with as fine a climate as can be found in the world.

The Britisher at home is slow to accept new information if his old views are satisfying. He must, however, be made to realize as soon as possible that we have a country here as large as Europe and with a climate as various. It will not do, then, to hang out a thermometer at Baffin's Bay and presume to read therefrom the temperature of Canada. It becomes necessary for us to remind the Britisher at home that Toronto, Ontario, is a great many miles further from the North Pole than is London, England. It is well to also remind him that many of the prejudices that exist against Canada have been fostered by a rival country, the United States—a country that would persuade the world that the only habitable parts of North America are included within the republic.

The newspapers of the United States circulate extensively in Great Britain.

Books and magazines published in New York and Boston appear simultaneously in London. The errors that cloud the minds of the British public as to Canada's natural advantages are encouraged by this literature of a people rival to us and, although situated by our side, strangely slow to see and admit that our climate has been traduced for a hundred years, the fertility of our soil, the immensity of our agricultural areas and our natural resources misunderstood. We have a right to demand from the Britisher at home an open and a fair mind. He should hear new evidence.

We are not surrounded by wolves and bears. The writer has lived in Canada for thirty years and never saw a wolf. He has never seen a bear, except those animals that are led around by the nose to play tricks for the amusement of children, and these are not native. He has never been scalped by Indians. The only Indians he has ever met with have been quite as peaceable and as ready to earn an honest dollar as any white man could be. In Ontario it is as difficult to meet an Indian as it is to fall in with a duke, and perhaps it would be true to say that not more than one Canadian in ten has ever seen either.

To be sure, Indians can be met with if one goes to the North-West Territories, where large tracts of country are "reserved" for the aborigines, but even on these reservations the "bad" Indians do not constitute as large a percentage as the "bad" whites do in a city. Wolves and bears and other wild animals may be hunted in Canada, too, but to get to the new country where such hunting may be had, one has to make, from central Canada, a journey greater than the distance from Liverpool to Edinburgh. Travelers who do not care to hunt bears need not fear that bears will hunt them.

Mr. Beckles Willson, who went through Canada for the *London Daily Mail*, in writing of Toronto, Canada, referred to the sunshine in which the city is bathed the year round. He said: "Apropos of sunshine, I should like to present Londoners with a few figures dealing with this commodity. I have been told that the total number of sunshiny days last year in London was 61. In Toronto it was 196. The number of hours of sunshine in Milan in the month of March was 293; in Toronto it was 369, rising in June to 470. The average number of cloudy days per month is less than five, and for several years there have been none at all in June, July and August. As to the temperature of the winter of 1896, Londoners would be surprised to hear that in January last not a fleck of snow was to be seen. The Riviera could not do better than that."

As a rule we have snow in January all over Canada. We are not disposed to hide our snow, but rather prefer to boast of it because it makes our winters the pleasantest in the world. Winter approaches us gradually; we are ready for it when it arrives, and the greater the snow-fall the better pleased are we. If there is "steady sleighing" it means that every interest of business and pleasure will be served; but we are not pleased to have the name of Canada so bound up with the idea of snow that the mention of this Dominion will cause Europeans to shiver. Britishers who spend two winters with us are often the most active champions of our climate. We have no tornadoes in summer nor blizzards in winter, such as afflict portions of the United States.





AN IMPENITENT MAID.



The Fugitive.

ACROSS the plains the stranger passed,
A lone track lengthened far away;
The sky with cloud was overcast—
The sky was darkly gray.

The living land, where work is done
And love remains, he left behind;
He raced towards the setting sun,
He faced the bitter wind.

The even snow lay all around,
A wilderness of whited woe;
Nor other sight—nor any sound—
Only the sky and snow.

Save for the bleak inconstant wind,
The fearsome silence hemmed him in
On either hand, before, behind,
Above—even as his sin.

Without a pause or breathing space,
Faster and faster, on he sped;
With living souls he ran a race—
He could not flee the dead!

Ah, bitter, bitter, blew the wind!—
It was his victim's icy breath!
The formless thing that raced behind—
He knew that it was Death!

Aye darker grew the threatening cloud,
An angrier red the menacing sun;
The furious wind it cried aloud
The deed that he had done.

And now the snow began to fall,
Slowly at first, as chaff so light,
Then sheer about him, like a wall—
And, suddenly, it was night!

Night all around and in his soul!
Hope's blessed light no more shall mark
Life's way for him, he knows; his goal
Inevitable dark!

His fear grew vast and vague as night!
The fell winds whipped him, as a thong;
The spectral snow bedimmed his sight—
And ever he raced along.

Now close behind he heard the sound
Of mounted men in haste and wrath;
(His wrists the icy fetters bound!)
He fled the guiding path!

The rhythmic horses' hoofs did seem
The beating of a muffled drum;
The incompassionate winds did scream,
But terror froze him dumb!

So close he was, he heard the speech
Of those who doomed him swift to die;
Stretch out his hand and he could reach
The squadron clattering by.

As if he were of vermin brood,
With jeer and jest they sought his life;
They passed—and, lo, beside him stood
The one who was his wife!

With pity for a hunted thing,—
Himself and not himself—that lay
Hiding beneath the snow's white wing;
She knelt—he heard her pray!

"Pardon, dear Lord, Thou knowest all;
O, cleanse his sin!" she cried again;
Fierce and more fast the snow did fall—
The winds sobbed out, "Amen!"

The vision fades even as it came,
Is gone as soon—and all the wold
Repeats the agony of his shame,
Its terror and its cold!

Aye hope exceeding leagues of snow—
And dark illimitable walls!
Nor change, but ever from woe to woe!
He reels, he stumbles—falls!

Oh, stay your haste who still pursue,—
He never more shall rise again!
The snow fell fast, it grew and grew—
A heap upon the plain!

A heap!—and ever the snow falls fast.—
It wraps him 'round from foot to head;
It level grows, and, at the last,—
It hides the erring dead!

Montreal, '97. KEPPELL STRANGE.

Teddy's Query.

One brother was tall and slim,
The other chubby and short—
Teddy sat looking at them one night,
Apparently lost in thought.

"Mamma," he asked at length,
"Which would you like the best,—
For me to grow *north* and *south*, like Tom,
Or like Willie, from *east* to *west*?"

A. F. CALDWELL.

The Old Cavalier.

'For our martyr'd Charles I pawn'd my plate,
For his son I spent my all,
That a churl might dine, and drink my wine,
And preach in my father's hall;
That father died on Marston Moor,
My son on Worcester plain;
But the king he turn'd his back on me
When he got his own again.

"The other day there came, God wot!
A solemn, pompous ass,
Who begged to know if I did not go
To the sacrifice of mass;
I told him fairly to his face,
That in the field of fight
I had shouted loud for Church and King,
When he would have run outright.

"He talk'd of the Man of Babylon
With his rosaries and copes,
As if a Roundhead wasn't worse
Than half a hundred Popes.
I don't know what the people mean,
With their horror and affright;
All Papists that I ever knew
Fought stoutly for the right.

"I now am poor and lonely,
This cloak is worn and old,
But yet it warms my loyal heart,
Through sleet, and rain, and cold,
When I call to mind the Cavaliers,
Bold Rupert at their head,
Bursting through blood and fire, with cries
That might have wak'd the dead.

"Then spur and sword was the battle word,
And we made their helmets ring,
Howling like madmen, all the while,
For God and for the King.
And though they snuffled psalms, to give
The Rebel-dogs their due,
When the roaring shot pour'd close and hot
They were stalwart men and true.

"On the fatal field of Naseby,
Where Rupert lost the day
By hanging on the flying crowd
Like a lion on his prey,
I stood and fought it out until,
In spite of plate and steel,
The blood that left my veins that day
Flow'd up above my heel.

"And certainly, it made those quail
Who never quail'd before,
To look upon the awful front
Which Cromwell's horsemen wore.
I felt that every hope was gone,
When I saw their squadrons form,
And gather for the final charge
Like the coming of a storm.

"Oh! where was Rupert in that hour
Of danger, toil and strife?
It would have been to all brave men
Worth a hundred years of life
To have seen that black and gloomy force,
As it poured down in line,
Met midway by the Royal horse
And Rupert of the Rhine.

"All this is over now, and I
Must travel to the tomb,
Though the king I've served has got his own,
In poverty and gloom.
Well, well, I serv'd him for himself,
So I must not now complain;
But I often wish that I had died
With my son on Worcester plain."

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.



AN UNWILLING WITNESS

BY
WILFRED E. TUPPER



SHUT up my book with a yawn and looked at the clock. It was five minutes past twelve.

"Nine miles to see a patient at seven to-morrow morning; should have been in bed long ago," I thought, getting up and knocking out my pipe, just as a sharp double tap came at the laboratory door.

I went over, unlocked and flung it open to admit a tall man enveloped in a long cloak.

"Doctor Kerr?" he asked, in a slightly foreign accent.

"The same," said I.

"If you will accompany me, sir, you will be conferring a favor. I come on behalf of a friend who has seriously cut himself."

"What with?" I asked, as I hurriedly bundled some lint and bandages into a bag.

"What with—did you say? An axe. We were trying an experiment, the instrument slipped, and—" he finished the sentence with a shrug.

"If you will be good enough to come quickly; I have a carriage in waiting."

"Very well, Mr.—?"

"Flavio Cruzado," the stranger said after a moment's hesitation.

"Very well, Señor Cruzado, I am ready," I said, getting inside my great-coat and switching off the incandescent light.

It was a bitterly cold night, and I was not sorry to step into a closed cab, which was waiting for us across the street under the trees. Once under way my companion became exceedingly voluble. He was a Spaniard, and a very well educated one; indeed, he admitted that he had been educated at an English college.

During a lull in the conversation, his conversation, rather, I asked him where his friend had cut himself.

"It is his foot; but wait, you shall see. Poor fellow! I am afraid he is suffering. But here we are; let me take your bag."

I alighted and looked around. I recognized the locality. We had drawn up before an empty house on Robie street. It was detached from the other dwellings, and was pretty much out of repair, being about the oldest on the street, in fact.

"I didn't know anyone was living here," I said, as the stranger, after paying the cabby, led the way up the steps.

"My friend has a room or two fitted up; he is something of a Bohemian."

"It has been unoccupied for a lengthy time," I remarked, looking up at the big white "For Sale or To Let," which stared down drearily at us from one of the windows.

"Indeed? You will have to follow me rather closely, sir. The accident happened my friend down below; there is no light." He need not have told me that; I could see it for myself.

"Has your—permit me to say—peculiar friend his quarters down beneath?" I ventured to ask, as I groped along the bare hall after the man in front, in no very amiable spirit.

"You will see, doctor, for yourself. He is strange, very strange, and this is one of his notions, ideas, or whatever you call them."

"What," I said, with a short laugh at the ambiguity of the remark, "is cutting himself one of his ideas?"

"Not exactly; you shall see," and here he gave a chuckle. "Take care, doctor, the stairs are here; I should have had a lamp to guide you."

I felt my way cautiously down behind him, beginning to enter into the humor of the thing. As we reached the bottom I saw a bar of light streaming out from beneath a door, which my companion opened suddenly, giving me, at the same time, a slight push, which sent me, unprepared as I was, well into the room. Señor Cruzado quickly closing the door, locked it, and, putting the key in his pocket, shook his head with a grim smile.

"Ah, doctor, you are too unsuspecting. Perhaps this will be a lesson to you."

For a few seconds I could see nothing, coming out of the pitch darkness; but I pretty soon opened my eyes to the fact that I was the victim of some joke.

The room was bare and partly underground. An oil-lamp, smoking considerably, stood on the mantel. There were three people present besides my late conductor. Two of them stood together in a corner, and the other, a short, stout man, wearing small mustaches and imperial, presumably a Frenchman, occupied another.

"Ha! you succeed?" asked the latter in an excited tone.

Señor Cruzado nodded. "As you see."

"What does this mean?" I said sharply. "This gentleman here claimed

my assistance to attend a friend, who, he said, had seriously cut himself. It does not strike me," said I, looking about, "that any of you require my attention. If this is some practical joke, as it seems to be, allow me to say I consider it an extremely dirty and contemptible affair," and I moved toward the door.

The Spaniard held up his hand. "Strong words, *amigo mio*; yet no doubt the occasion warrants them. Listen: two of these gentlemen here came to the conclusion that their honor was at stake, and are now about to vindicate it, the weapons," pointing to the floor, "swords. But the question was where to get a *medico*, for strict etiquette demands one; but," shaking his head, "you are a cold-blooded race, and settle all your differences in court. If I had asked a doctor to assist in a duel he would have had me arrested. At last Señor Durham proposed you, for, being young in the profession and eager for experience and cash—you see I put it plainly—you would be more likely to fall into our little trap."

"And do you mean to say," I exclaimed incredulously, forgetting how I had been duped, in my surprise, "that in the nineteenth century, in the center of a civilized city, two men are going to do their best to kill or maim each other? What nonsense!" I said scornfully. "This is part of your practical joke. Again I say—"

"Bah!" ejaculated the Frenchman impatiently. "Why this tomfoolery? *Monsieur le docteur* must, in ze word of his *grandhomme* Shakespear:

** Take ze current as it serves.
It grows late.**

"Exactly," put in Señor Cruzado. "'It grows late.'" Turning to me again he said coldly:

"You cannot stop this duel, and you cannot go until it is finished, so you had better be content," then walking over to the two in the farther corner he conversed with one of them in a low tone, both carefully examining a couple of swords, or more correctly speaking, rapiers.

I addressed myself to the other.

"What is this business?" I said. "It seems incredible that such a thing could come to pass in days like these, especially in the heart of a law-abiding city."

"Don't you worry, doctor," was the answer, in a hearty tone. "I saw him cheat at cards right enough, and told him so. He called me a liar; I was never called that before. I challenged him, thinking we were to use fists as an understood thing. He remarked that, as he was the challenged party, he would name his weapon. He chose swords. However, he called me a liar, and I'll meet him with anything up to Gatling guns," he added with a laugh.

The man was a Yankee, I guessed from his manner, of not more than twenty-four, a mere boy, in fact; an honest-looking, smooth-shaven fellow, with a voice and personality that attracted me at once.

"But," I protested, "it is not a question of—"

"Come, gentlemen, are you ready?" said the Englishman, Durham, handing his principal one of the rapiers.

"Ugh! It's beastly cold; let us have this farce ended," he said.

Tomkins took the weapon and unconcernedly stepped out into the middle of the floor. His opponent, who, despite the intense cold, had thrown aside coat and waistcoat and had rolled up his right shirt sleeve, handled his blade in a manner that made me nervous. I had taken a dislike to the man, for no other reason, perhaps, than that he had such a cold-blooded, businesslike look about him.

The two seconds arranged their men so that the light of the lamp would not give either one an advantage.

The Frenchman, Monsieur Garcoir, if I heard his name aright, threw himself on guard with a motion that stamped him at once as a master of the fence, the Yankee clumsily imitating him. It was clear that the latter knew nothing about his weapon, and I awaited the issue of this unequal combat with a pent-up wrath too deep for utterance.

It was a strange tableau, about as strange, perhaps, as many a man might see in a lifetime. The bare room, the smoky little lamp on the high chimney-piece; Señor Cruzado leaning carelessly against the wall by the door, with arms folded, wearing on his handsome, swarthy face a sort of mocking smile, while puffing composedly at a cigarette. George Durham, the Englishman, showed more interest, and although attempting to conceal it, was laboring under great excitement.

Yet the coolest of all, I believe, was Tomkins. The fellow knew absolutely nothing about fencing; he cut, hacked, slashed, and poked in a manner which, at any other season, would have been amusing. But his very ignorance of his weapon seemed to be the great point in his favor. I had heard that fact before

but had never believed it. This style of play appeared to altogether disconcert his adversary, whose fine thrusts, guards, longes, were all met by furious slashes that savored more of a quarter-staff exhibition. All through Tomkins kept up a conversation, principally with me.

"How's that, doctor? O. K., eh?" he said once, actually laughing when, as Monsieur Garcoir overreached himself, he brought his weapon around with stinging force on the Frenchman's cheek.

The latter hissed out a venomous "*Sacre!*" as the thin steel cut the flesh, and a fire leapt up in his eyes that was unpleasant to look at. He seemed now to lose all control of himself, and pressed Tomkins so hard that he was forced to back precipitately into the further corner.

"What you do now?" muttered the foreigner with a grin that might have equaled one of those smiles we may imagine the Old One to assume at the fall of a church member from grace.

Tomkins for a moment said nothing, then with an incredibly quick bound he was out of the corner and his antagonist occupying his place.

"*Ave Maria!*" exclaimed the Spaniard, lifting his eyes in affected admiration. "What an acrobat! The stage has lost a star. What say you, doctor?"

But here Monsieur Garcoir in one of his frenzied rushes, in which he drowned alike skill and caution, forced Tomkins out on the floor again, and made a lightning-like longe, getting inside the other's guard. Tomkins literally flung himself out of the way, but not quite quickly enough to escape altogether the thrust, the blade going through his buttoned-up coat like a needle. Here now was his time, and I found myself breathlessly waiting to see him put his opponent *hors de combat*. But instead of that, with a terrific sweep he knocked the Frenchman's blade flying out of his hand.

"Ah, Monsieur, I scored that time. Doctor, put that down to me."

A furious oath fell from Monsieur's lips as he watched the sword tumble across the room and heard the aggravating laugh of his second.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried wildly. "Oh for ze one chance!" For a moment there was dead silence, only broken by the labored breathing of the combatants and the monotonous *siss, siss* of the water as it fell from a tap in the corner.

"Take up your weapon," said Tomkins slowly, after a pause.

The Frenchman was thunderstruck; then as his face paled curiously and an inscrutable smile flitted over it, he deliberately walked over, picked up the sword and entered into the attack again, not with the impetuosity that had characterized his former play, but with a marked determination that made my heart beat quickly.

"You recognize, no doubt, doctor, in our worthy friend a true spirit of gratitude," said Tomkins sarcastically. "A specimen of that gallantry which I have been brought up to believe exists in the French nation. I guess, doctor, you and I know better, eh? with illustrations, as they say in books. What do you—" here darting lightly aside to escape a vicious longe.

"Keep your wind, you fool!" I cried; "you'll need it all before you're through."

"All right, Doc., don't get riled; I never did the pace much in my life, and reckon that'll help me along somewhat."

"Help you to hell!" panted Monsieur, as with a desperate, clean thrust he got inside Tomkins' guard, and the next instant the pommel of his weapon ran up against the poor fellow's ribs with a sickening noise. The wounded man stood bolt-upright, with a look of surprise and horror stamped on his boyish face, but as the Frenchman jerked out his blade he fell in a heap on the floor. It all happened so quickly that I had no time to realize it.

"*Parbleu!* He is not dead! He will——"

"Shut up, will you," I said sternly, taking off my coat and putting it under the stricken man's head. I could do nothing but try to stanch the flow of blood from the wound. There was no hope, that was plain. The blade had pierced the left lung, right over the heart, producing internal hemorrhage. Tomkins was conscious, that was all.

"Have you anything to say?" I said gently, bending down close over him.

"No hope, then?" he asked feebly, with a touch of bitterness.

"I'm afraid not," I said reluctantly; but why lie to a man who is e'en crossing the river before your eyes?

"He did for me, eh, doctor? I thought he would after—I hardly realized that my life was—was——" Here a rush of blood from his mouth and nostrils cut short his sentence.

"Hasn't anyone a drop of liquor?" I asked hastily. "You idiot," I said, turning to Cruzado, "why didn't you suggest my bringing it, foreseeing something of this sort?"

"A doctor knows his own medicines," he returned nonchalantly.

"If I had had wind of your game I would have known my business right enough," I answered bitterly, for it burned me to think how I had been duped, and so easily too. After a few moments Tomkins opened his eyes. I saw his

lips move, and bent my ear so that it touched them.

"Tell—mother," he just whispered, "I—died thinking—of her. She ex—great—things. All over, send me—back—address—money in trunk. Hard—to die—so—young—eh?" But he stopped with a shudder, his head fell over, and I knew I held a corpse.

"Good Lord!" said Durham hoarsely; "what a death!"

"*Dieu!* let us go," muttered the Frenchman, and I could see the sweat standing out on his forehead.

"*Caramba!* and let our good friend, the doctor accompany us," was the jeering answer of the Spaniard.

"Doctor, you will have to submit to having your hands tied. This is for our own safety only. I have arranged so that you will be released at daybreak. I am afraid it is necessary that you take charge of——" and he gave a momentary glance at the stiffening figure at my feet.

"But I shall not submit to be tied," I said hotly, all my bottled-up rage bursting out.

"We shall see," was the composed answer, and the three of them advanced. Monsieur Garcoir was the first to try his luck with me. Pretty well warmed up, I struck out at him with all my strength; but in the very act I tripped

over the body and went sprawling on my back, being pinned down by the two foreigners, while Durham rather shamefacedly bound my hands and feet.

"You shall pay for this dearly," I ground out, feeling quite capable of running one of them through had I been free.

"That is exactly what we are trying to prevent," said the Spaniard.

"Now, doctor," he continued quickly, "here is two hundred dollars in your country's notes. This is for your assistance. Here is another fifty to send back the—our unfortunate friend. You can use the latter amount either for that purpose or for your own needs," he added with a sneer, as he came over and stuffed the money in my pocket.

"Let us be away," broke in the gallant Monsieur; "ze daylight will be here." It was evident that M. Garcoir was not as anxious to gaze on the work of his hands as some men are.

Señor Cruzado picked up the sword-case and unlocked the door. As he opened it Durham advanced and said in a voice that was slightly husky:

"Doctor, don't think too badly of me. This unfortunate affair would have come off whether I had consented to act in it or not; and, believe me, I had hopes of preventing it. Good heaven!" he added, "it would look very nice and honorable on paper, all this, but it seemed to me like a clear case of



"I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WAS LIVING HERE," I SAID.



"COME, GENTLEMEN, ARE YOU READY?" SAID THE ENGLISHMAN.

murder," and gazing for an instant at the body of his principal, he turned hurriedly and joined the other two, who had been watching him closely.

Silently they filed out, by order of their virtue, Monsieur Garcoir first; Señor Cruzado was the last.

"Señor Kerr," he said gravely, dropping the light, cynical air he had affected all through the affair, "I think if we had met under different circumstances we might have been friends. As it is, I have felt admiration for the way you have acted, *Dios!* for your self-control, a foreign quantity with us." He turned his eyes toward the body of Tomkins.

"There is a splendid object lesson! That is what we were—dust; that is what we return to, soul and all, no hereafter," and as he returned to his old manner, "Ha, ha! what a comforting creed it is to believe in nothing. *Adios.*"

He closed the door gently and I heard the key turn in the lock, a moment's whispering, then the tramp of footsteps ascending the stairs and dying away.

Why I did not lose my limbs through that night's work is more than I attempt to explain, doctor though I be; for the mercury was down two points below zero, and I had nothing on except a thin summer suit. Besides this, my hands and feet were so tied that circulation was entirely stopped. Altogether, it was the most miserable night I ever spent or hope to spend.

Daybreak was pretty well advanced when a key was turned, and a small, diminutive street urchin entered. He was evidently not a sixth in the drama, for as he caught sight of the corpse on the floor his towie red hair literally stood up on end, and he let out a yell that at least accomplished the feat of making my blood circulate. However, after a long time, by dint of threats and bribes, with which latter I guessed he had lately had some acquaintance, I got him to emerge from the shadow of the door and untie my hands and feet.

I had the last remains of poor Tomkins, the victim of a man's "honor," conveyed as soon as possible to my quarters.

Then it all came out naturally, for it was my clear duty. The newspapers dropped on it with a delight that seemed unholy. I became something of a social lion, a man to be envied, though, heaven knows, I don't see why; and perhaps, if the truth is to be told—and that is what I am trying to strictly adhere to—the secret of my success within the last three years has been greatly, if not entirely, due to this business. It has acted something like a quack advertisement.

The police put forth their greatest efforts to follow and locate the surviving actors in the affair I have chronicled. All the railway depots were watched, all the outgoing vessels were rigidly searched, but to no purpose. Señor Cruzado, in company with M. Garcoir, had registered at the Halifax only three days previously; and George Durham, Esq., had but arrived in the last mail steamer and had put up at the same hotel. Presumably that is where the quarrel originated. However, all trace of them was lost; they had disappeared as completely as if the ground, to use a familiar phrase, had opened and swallowed them up.

Last May I found myself in Nantes. I was sitting in a *café* taking a light lunch, preparatory to taking the train for Paris. I had finished and was about to rise, when I felt as if someone was stealthily eying me. I turned slowly around and encountered the gaze of—Monsieur Garcoir.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon ami,* I am right. It is *Monsieur le docteur!*"

It was the same man surely, not a whit changed, even to the severe black tie.

"Were you addressing me, sir?" I said coldly, looking him over. "You must have made some mistake; you are no friend of mine. I do not know, nor desire to know, any fugitive from justice."

"*Le Diable! fugitif!*" he cried, scowling, the fiery glitter I had noticed on that night springing up in his eyes.

"Exactly; fugitive," I repeated. "You cheated the police well enough, but you will have a harder job cheating your Maker."

"*Ma foi!* you think?" he replied with a light laugh. "The curé absolved me, as you say; besides, he was a *herétique.*"

"M. Garcoir," I said, walking over to where he stood and looking down at him, for he was a small man, "my contempt for you is such that I have great difficulty, regardless of consequences, in keeping my hands off you."

He shrank back, for at heart, I believe, he was a coward. I turned away, and, throwing the curious waiter a twenty-franc piece, walked out.

An hour later, as the train was about to start, I looked out of the window and recognized Monsieur Garcoir standing on the platform. He espied me and waved his handkerchief with an insolent smile. The car moved slowly out of the station, and that was the last I saw of the man, and I pray to heaven it is the last I ever shall.



THE GRAVES - OF THREE - GREAT CANADIANS



RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

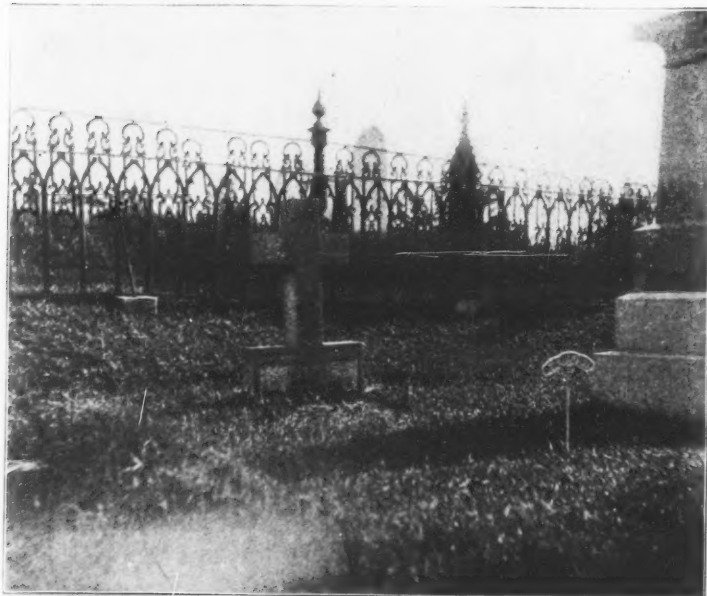
so it was not surprising to find King street blocked with a mass of people long before the Academy opened. Being on the staff of a daily paper at the time, I had a ticket entitling me to admission by a private door, and, like many other press men, vainly trusted to this instead of throwing myself into the rush when the doors opened. Within five minutes of the opening of the doors the entire capacity of the Academy was taxed, and yet the thousands who filled the streets did not seem to have been at all diminished. Those who were wedged in the crowd as far away as York street corner asked: "Why do they not open the doors?" They could not realize that an imperceptible fraction of the surging mob had filled the Academy of Music so full that its strongly pillared galleries were eyed doubtfully by many on the platform.

With other press men I managed to get near the private door, but before we could be admitted a crowd carried us off our feet, and the police locked the door from within so that it could not be taken by storm.

After spending an hour in spying around the premises I found myself in the darkness at the rear of the Academy in conversation with a young man whom I could not see. He offered to lead me into the building for twenty-five cents, and so I followed him through a very narrow cellar window, along underground passages in pitch darkness, for the guide would not allow a match to be struck, in and out and finally up, until at last I sat among the rafters of the theater, gazing down from the ceiling upon the crowded stage and the sea of people who billowed back prodigiously to the pillars, and walls, and the very roof.

An old man was speaking.

His voice was tremulous, and for a time querulous. He did not look



GRAVE OF RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, IN CATARAQUI CEMETERY, KINGSTON, ONT.

strong, but when he turned about I saw that it was Sir John Macdonald.

Strangely enough I had never seen him before. He was not the man of the cartoons. His face impressed me as being twenty years older than the one

It was the evening of Tuesday, February 17th, 1891. A great political meeting was being held in the Academy of Music, Toronto. It had been announced that Sir John Macdonald would speak, and also Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian High Commissioner to England. The Conservative press had hinted that Sir John Macdonald would make some important announcements, while sedulous efforts were made to picture the "war horse of the Cumberland" as the greatest orator of all time. The campaign was almost over and political feeling ran higher, perhaps, than at any other time since Confederation,

that Mr. Bengough and Mr. Hunter had made familiar to every schoolboy in the land. But his voice was the essential disappointment—that of a worn-out old man. As he talked, however, the great audience hushed itself into attention and then into deep silence. Not a word was lost. The quavering voice reached to the furthest limit of the place. I do not know how long he had been speaking, but he had just got his audience in hand, and then he produced a document and began to read. It was his *expose* of Edward Farrer—the famous letter in which that gentleman undertook to show the authorities at Washington how to bring Canada to her knees.

When he had finished reading, the old chieftain held the paper aloft in his right hand, and it trembled and rustled in his grasp as he cried:

"I do not know what you call this, but I call it treason."

It was the climax of his speech; the climax of that campaign; the climax of his public career.

He seemed filled with grief and fury. If he did not feel what he expressed, then he proved himself that night the greatest actor who ever stood upon the stage of the Academy of Music. If he felt it, his emotion was sublime.

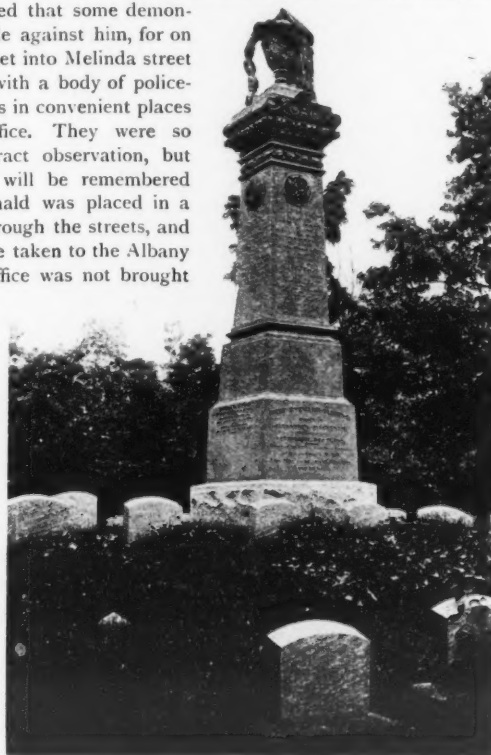
That was the first and last time I ever saw Sir John A. Macdonald, but I would not exchange that brief and dramatic view of the chieftain for a life acquaintance of him. I recall him only as the great actor who played his part so well, or as the great patriot who that night fired his countrymen with a fury against treason.

Having hurried away before the meeting was over, I can testify to a fact that may not be generally known. Mr Farrer was then on the *Globe* staff, and it must have been feared that some demonstration would be made against him, for on turning from King street into Melinda street I found an inspector with a body of policemen placing the officers in convenient places around the *Globe* office. They were so placed as not to attract observation, but they were there. It will be remembered that Sir John Macdonald was placed in a carriage and drawn through the streets, and he so directed the route taken to the Albany Club that the *Globe* office was not brought into danger.

On Saturday night, June 6th, 1891, I was walking along College street with a newspaper friend of mine, when suddenly we stopped and looked into each other's faces. It was within an hour of midnight, and the sound that arrested us was the tolling of a bell far down town. Then a nearer bell gave a boom, then one nearer still, and then another west and beyond us; then the distant bell tolled again, and the ominous tolling sounded from all

parts of the city as if done by preconcerted arrangement. I remember that my friend and I did not speak, but merely looked at each other significantly and wondered what would follow THIS. Then we hurried, running much of the way, down to the newspaper offices, for we knew that special editions must be issued, but before we could get there, boys came running with "specials" telling of the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. The central parts of the city remained alive all that night. The wildest speculation was indulged in as to what would happen. Some talked of the morrow as though an invading army was within twenty miles of the city. Who would be premier? Could the Government last? If the Government fell would there be annexation? So people queried. The king was dead, and he died without issue. What would be the upshot? We were in that state of expectant uncertainty which in South American republics is seized upon for a revolution.

On the second day of August, 1897, I was in Kingston and, arising early,



GRAVE OF HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, IN THE CEMETERY AT SARNA, ONT.

I went out to Cataraqi Cemetery while the dew was heavy on the grass. At the gates I met a boy and asked him where was the grave of Sir John Macdonald. He did not know. His manner suggested that one grave was much like another and no tomb of much interest to barefooted youth. A mother and two children making an early visit to the cemetery met me in the walk, and in answer to my enquiry said that the grave was "Over there some-



GRAVE OF HON. GEORGE BROWN, IN THE NECROPOLIS, TORONTO, ONT.

where." I doubt not that they could have told me where lay another grave—the one they came to lay flowers on—of someone more dear to them than any statesman or any king that ever swayed the destinies of a nation.

After twenty minutes spent in fruitless search, at last I stood beside the iron railing that surrounds the Macdonald plot. There is no mound over the remains of the old chieftain. At his head stands a stone cross with these words: "John Alexander Macdonald, born June 11, 1815, died June 6, 1891." At his feet there is a little rod, surmounted by three links and the letters F. L. T.—the emblem of the Oddfellows. There is not a flower over the grave, but close-cropped grass. It is a modest resting-place for one whose life was so brilliant and vital with action.

Here he sleeps, restored to the bosom of our mother. Was he great? He is as quiet and as low-laid as the humblest beggar that asked him for alms fifty years ago. Was he valued at his real worth? If not, the chance is gone; yet he was better treated, perhaps, according to his worth, than many another who lies in Cataraqi. Was he a great statesman or only a clever politician? From his tomb you can extort no answer. Not in the marble and bronze memorials that are rushed up when a man dies is he commemorated, but in the fruits of his life, for the papyri of Egypt give the lie to the boasts in stone that are crumbling to dust on the deserts of that land, and a single one of Solomon's proverbs has meant more to the human family than that mighty temple erected by him—grand as it was with its cedars from Lebanon and gold from Ophir, and the lives and bones of the thousands who spent their days in building it.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie



HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

For the politician, the busy man of the world, it is an excellent discipline to pay a visit to the grave of John A. Macdonald at Cataraqi, or of Alexander Mackenzie at Sarnia, or of George Brown in the Necropolis at Toronto. Of the three graves the one most favorably situated, the one most easily found and the one in nearest keeping with the popular idea of what a great man's grave should be, is that of George Brown. Yet all three graves are disappointments. A stranger would not pick them out as worthy of more notice than the others that surround them. At the gate of the cemetery the great man is stripped of his greatness; the writer is deprived of the books he has written; the orator leaves behind him the cheers that his speeches evoked; the millionaire comes in without his money; the victor throws off his laurels, and prince and peasant lie equally still and are soon equally forgotten. Among all the ambitions that inspire the human breast there is perhaps, after all, not one that yields such returns as the desire to be respected and loved by one's own family and friends. Efforts so spent bring high rewards in life and soften the shock of death.



HON. GEORGE BROWN.

The man who serves a nation may attain to a splendid eminence, yet he may have an unappeased heart-hunger that is unknown to the man who dwells undisturbed in the delights of his humble home. At all events we know this, that these three great Canadians lie quietly enough in graves that are humble enough, and beside their graves the visitor may stand lost in contemplation, unelbowed by those throngs of place-hunters and toadies who in life crowded about them. You may draw near to that one of the three whose character pleased you best, and find yourself alone with him, free from interruptions, undismayed by his greatness—you and he and God.

On April 12th, 1878, Lord Dufferin, in a note to Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, said: "I was particularly touched at the pleasant way in which you alluded to our personal relations. For my own part, I can say that I have derived nothing but unalloyed pleasure from them. The better I have become acquainted with you, the more I have learned to respect and honor the straightforward integrity of your character and the unmistakable desire to do your duty faithfully by the Queen, the Empire and the Dominion." With that fine penetration which distinguished his mind, Lord Dufferin, in that letter penned twenty years ago, epitomized the character of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie as it was, and as it will be known always. He died on Sunday, April 17th, 1892, at the age of seventy. Services were conducted at his Toronto residence, at the Jarvis street Baptist church, Toronto, and next day, after the body had been transferred by special train to Sarnia, services were held in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian church in that town. The burial took place in the Mackenzie plot in Lakeview Cemetery, about two miles from Sarnia.

These three men were of three distinct types of character. Mackenzie was a man who believed in sober-minded peace, and every word spoken was meant to have value and truth. Brown enjoyed a rumpus—he would go out of his way to find a battle, and in it would give and take the hardest kind of knocks. Macdonald was full of jests and could raise a storm or dispel one with equal facility. Frank Yeigh, in his historical sketch of the Ontario Parliament Buildings, relates two incidents characteristic of George Brown and John A. Macdonald. He records that on one occasion Mr. Brown had an oratorical bout with Mr. Cayley, which ended in the two men throwing ink-bottles at each other's heads. He also tells us that in the same session (1858) Mr. Macdonald was violently attacked by D'Arcy McGee, who presently complained that his adversary was not listening to his strictures, but calmly stamped letters with sealing-wax. Sir John retorted that he had heard every word, as McGee would find to his sorrow. Mr. McGee continued his attack, but no sooner had he ceased than "the two were hobnobbing over a cheery glass in the refreshment-rooms." One cannot imagine Sir John as having thrown an ink-bottle at an adversary, nor Mr. Brown as having hobnobbed with one who had just concluded a bitter attack upon him, nor can one imagine Mr. Mackenzie as having done either of these things. On the other hand, I doubt if one could imagine either of those two men as having been the hero of a little story which I find in Mr. Buckingham's book, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, his Life and Times. The incident was related by Rev. Dr. Clark of Hamilton. He applied on one occasion to Mr. Mackenzie for a subscription to a missionary fund and received this reply: "We are expecting an election before long, and it is a rule with me never to give, or promise to give, for charitable or other purposes when we are near an election." After the election was over Dr. Clark received from Mr. Mackenzie a substantial cheque for the missionary scheme. This, I submit, was peculiarly characteristic of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. Perhaps Mr. Macdonald's instincts would have prompted him to give the cheque when asked for it; perhaps Mr. Brown's conscience would have deterred him from giving money at a time when the gift would have a sinister look; but I think that, of the three, Mr. Mackenzie was the only one who was capable of refusing the money when asked for it, and of remembering the request and complying with it, unsolicited, after the elections.

MACK.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

The Pleasure Vein of the Continent.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.



"So day by day I drift and dream
Among the Thousand Isles, that seem
The crown and glory of the stream."

THE Thousand Islands! What recollections, clear as the waters of the St. Lawrence, start at the name! Once more we are loitering and lingering among the green isles, while clouds as white as wool drift lazily across the summer sky as if reflecting our own indolence. Memory itself becomes a limpid river, gemmed with a thousand isles that are themselves memories, fraught with memories. Again at dawn we are afloat

upon the gently undulating river, the islands, half vapor-hidden, slipping slowly by us as we drift with the silent current. There is the first flush of morning before us, and looking back we can see the pallid moon, like some pale watcher worn and wan, just above the dark highlands of Grindstone. Now the dewy breath of morn is in our faces, and the mists upon the river recede to wood and lawn. Here and there the river gleams with that gathering light that seals night's last caress. Full before us, as we drift toward the east, the sky is changing from rose to crimson, and from crimson to gold. Daphne has fled before the ardent pursuit of Apollo, and lo! the gods have transformed her into a thousand flowered isles, of whose matchless beauty we now become, in a measure, fully, if dumbly, conscious. The elements seem working in sublime harmony toward the consummation of this glorious promise of nature. The sun rises in dazzling splendor, flashing his armed beams before legions of spears of light that form as quickly into one; and lo! the world is awake! Our liquid way seems paved with gold, the river all gleaming like a coat of mail; and the islands that stud its bosom, richly and radiantly green in their profusion of number and luxuriance of vine and tree and flower, seem floating in a veritable sea of molten light. Now, all about, from the branches and mid-air, is the clear-throated song of a thousand birds; and high above the sparkling water leaps the fish, with glittering scale!

We are among the Thousand Islands, and day is before us—a glorious summer's day, full of promise and plenty. To what shall we turn?

The red man of the forest primeval, in a spirit of ecstatic veneration, named the Thousand Islands the Garden of the Great Spirit. Successive generations of worshippers at this shrine of Nature have without a dissentient voice decided that the Indian was right in bestowing upon the place the highest and most profound title known to his poetical imagination and tongue. Here, during the warm months of the year, from June until September, are gathered at the hotels or their beautiful island residences people from New Orleans to New York, from California to Chicago, from Vancouver to Halifax, and from the Old World. These people represent all that is best of society, business and wealth. At no other point in the world is Nature, in wild beauty, grace, color and infinite variety, so harmoniously wedded to civilization and the gently transforming power of man's art. Nature is not despoiled, neither is her rugged beauty mocked or marred; and wealth and the art of man have achieved success because they have been governed by moderation and harmony and taste. It is doubtful whether at any point of a similar character—if there is in the world a point of a similar character—so much

wealth has been expended for architectural and beautifying purposes, and with such infinite success, as has been expended among the Thousand Islands. For a distance of twenty miles, from Gananoque to Brockville, on the Canadian side of the river, and from Clayton to Morristown, upon the United States shore, there are summer hotels, cottages and houses innumerable, all of a beautiful character, situate upon either shore and upon the Islands. Indeed, the United States channel, from Clayton to Alexandria Bay, is literally, as well as figuratively, a channel of wealth and loveliness.

From any point commanding either the Canadian or the United States channel, a complete view of the life of a great river may be obtained. And the life of a great river, particularly at such a world gathering point as the Thousand Islands, possesses a charm and fascination that never palls. Craft of almost infinite variety pass and repass. Idling, perchance, beneath the shadow of a pine upon the bluff of some island, overlooking the channel, you hear the pulsing of the engines of some great steamer afar off. Yet that steady throbbing seems to thrill through the bosom of the blue river, even to the very ripples upon the pebbled beach of the tiny bay beneath you where your neglected skiff lies. Now some mammoth propeller, with her black hull, steams past on her way to or from the great lakes, freight-laden; or suddenly and unexpectedly a tiny steam-yacht darts around a point of your island, a jolly crowd of amateur yachtsmen and fishermen on board, bound, no doubt, for some well known fishing-ground along the Canadian shore. Scarce has it turned the point when there is a shrill whistle to your right, and a large and beautiful pleasure yacht speeds into view. There are scores of people, seated in easy-chairs, upon her white decks, chatting, laughing, smoking, idling, tasting the very essence of the delight of living. For a moment you forget your friendly little island, with its look-out bluff and kindly pine trees, and your



FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The Falls of Niagara on the Niagara River between Lakes Ontario and Erie.

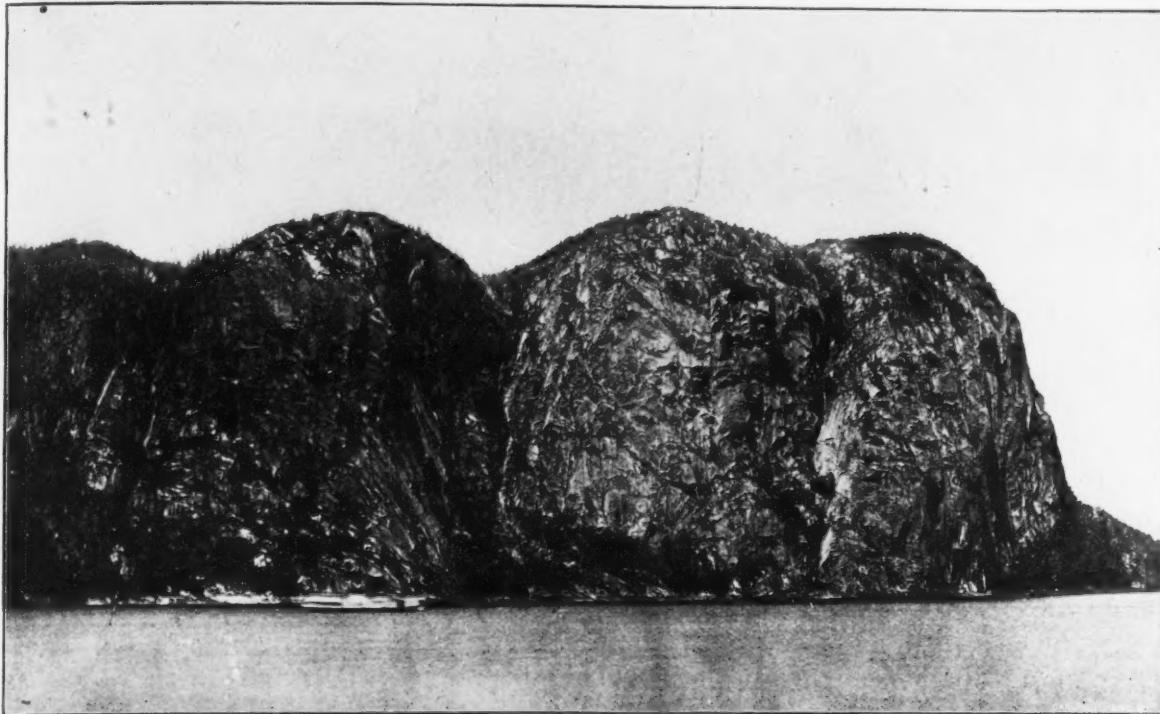
trusty skiff in the bay at your feet; and you sigh and half wish that you were among those jolly fellows in their yachting-caps, and the pretty girls in their pink, and blue, and white frocks, on the deck of the white yacht threading her way through the channels against the current of the blue river. Then you remember that on the morrow you may, if you so desire, take passage on this very boat, or any one of half a score of others, at the wharf of any of the

parks, and taste the delights of the trip among the islands which you were a moment ago sighing for. Now a symmetrical St. Lawrence skiff pulls leisurely into view. There is a tanned boatman at the oars, and comfortably seated in the stern, with a fishing-rod in his hand and a broad palm hat upon his head, is

Thousand Islands have been enriched by the expenditure of millions of dollars upon the construction of splendid parks, with acres of lawn, magnificent houses beautifully terraced, charming and elegant cottages, and hotels that are indeed of the *first water*. In 1842 not even the Crossmon House existed at Alexandria

Bay, though it did exist there six years later; while the Crossmon of to-day is world-famed, its advantages having been spoken of and been written about by such men as Herbert Spencer, Charles Dudley Warner, and Will Carleton, author of *Over the Hill to the Poor-house*, and whom the writer has seen sitting upon the veranda of his cottage at the Thousand Islands, taking the sun as it sifted through the leaves.

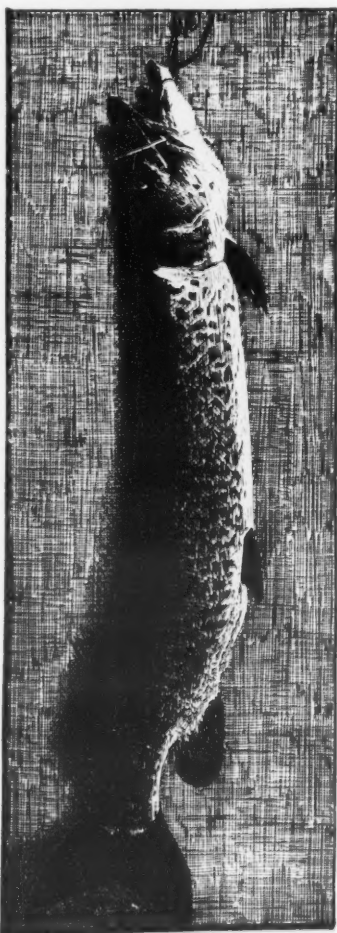
In the evenings the large excursion boats make what are called "searchlight excursions." These boats carry very powerful searchlights, which they "play" upon the parks, points, and places of note as they steam slowly along the channel, their broad decks comfortably filled with people from the hotels. Some fine effects are shown as the powerful light is thrown upon the water and the shores. As the light sweeps majestically across the river, from point to point, pausing upon some particularly beautiful spot, the latter appears as some Titanic



CAPE TRINITY, ON THE SAGUENAY.

a stout gentleman, Grover Cleveland by name. Nor is canvas wanting to add life and beauty to the turquoise breast of the stately river. It swells from the masts of graceful yachts, skiffs and canoes, upon the larger stretches of water, gleaming white and beautiful at every turn of the eye. And when the American Canoe Association annual meet is held at Grindstone Island, as it is about every second year or so, owing to the beauty of the island and the water and the countless advantages afforded the canoeist, that particular locality is literally snowed under by the white sails of the beautiful small craft; the writer having seen at one time five hundred canoes under sail upon Eel Bay, between Grindstone and Wells Island. And if the visitor or tourist is fortunate enough to be at the Islands during the time the members of the A. C. A. are in camp—usually the first part of August, when life upon the St. Lawrence is at the zenith—he will, if he care to, see the finest canoeing regatta in the world, and some of the most keenly contested and beautiful racing between tanned athletes and sunburned sailors from the United States and Canada that it could be possible to witness.

The passenger boats that ply up and down the river between the various parks and numerous points of interest are commodious and comfortable, specially arranged for the purpose of affording the sight-seer a good view of the scenery, which, as the steamer threads her way among the many islands, is indeed charming. Here of a truth, as we glide along, is unfolded Nature's matchless panorama. In 1842 Charles Dickens wrote: "The beauty of this noble stream at almost any point, but especially where it winds its way along the Thousand Islands, can hardly be imagined. The number and constant succession of these islands, all green and richly wooded; their fluctuating sizes, some so large that for half an hour together one among them will appear as the opposite bank of the river, and some so small that they are mere dimples on its bosom; their infinite variety of shapes, and the numberless combinations of beautiful forms which the trees growing on them present—all form a picture fraught with an uncommon interest and pleasure." Since Charles Dickens wrote those words, the



MASKINONGE.

Length, 5 ft. 4 in. Girth, 23 in.
Weight, 45 pounds. Spread of tail, 14 in.

painting set in the frame of night. These excursions are very popular, and no less so are those by daylight. One never tires of taking, on a warm day, a comfortable seat in a deck-chair under the awning of one of these island wanderers, and running quietly and smoothly through the labyrinthine channels, with the breeze playing upon one's face, and the variegated islands slipping by. If one is inclined to be indolent and desires to be thoroughly at rest and satisfied, he can do little more toward attaining that end than allow himself to be carried upon and down and about the big blue river, while he drinks in, literally, the ozone of the St. Lawrence, and figuratively the beauty of the islands, shore and river.

The Canadian side affords the best facilities for camping out, i.e., the greatest number of islands free for that purpose. There are still, between Gananoque and Rockport, many islands which are Canadian Government property, and permission to camp upon any of these will be readily given by the Department at Ottawa. Moreover, many private owners of islands give permission to people of the right sort; that is, people who know and appreciate the value of an island and its timber and who exercise a proper amount of care and caution in regard to fire, and who leave their camping ground as free from rubbish as they found it.

I like to dwell upon the homely matter
Of a Bohemian life; 't may please a few.
Our muse may take offence at bacon, batter,
And those vile rations that the gods eschew.
But if she cholerick grows, we'll not look at her.
There's certainly more substance in a stew
Of your own liking, Irish, beef or venison,
Than all the sonnets from Shakespeare to Tennyson.

The camper should have a thoroughly good, rain-proof, ten-ounce duck tent; for two, a tent eight feet square at the base, with a nine-inch wall, and a seven-foot joint pole, is amply large enough, and packs, canvas and pole, in a small space in canoe or skiff. There should also be a pair of thoroughly good blankets per man, and a tarpaulin or rubber sheet. Spruce or cedar boughs make a comfortable and aromatic bed, but if a good folding camp-bed, of the wire springs variety, can be obtained at one of the towns near by, it will be appreciated. A frying-pan with a long handle, a couple of tin pails, coffee and tea-pots, cups and plates—preferably of agate ware—knives, forks, spoons—all these accessories and others can be purchased at stores at Gananoque, Clayton or Alexandria Bay. The novice should go with a veteran, for to the old-timer there are no difficulties to be encountered in camping, save that of pulling up stakes and breaking camp on the last day; and there is an element of sadness in that task which the true lover of open-air life can best feel.

From the historical point of view, that portion of the St. Lawrence River which includes the islands is not devoid of interest and romance. Here the Algonquins warred with the Iroquois, the French with the English, and in 1812 men of the same stock with one another. A thriving Canadian town at a point on the river where, ascending, the Thousand Islands begin, is honored by the name of Brock; and at the head of the lake of Les Mille Isles, as the French are said to have christened it more than half a century ago, and at the foot of Lake Ontario, there is picturesque, historical old Kingston, seeming, on a languorous summer's day, to dream of when, two centuries before, it was known by another name, Fort Frontenac! and the stirring, warring times there were then; of the rude redman and the adventurous and brave Frenchman, the man

"of courts and camps," who gave his name to the Fort; of the adventurous youth from Rouen, with his tireless energy and quenchless ambition; of the infamous Denonville and the destruction of the Fort; and later, of the coming of the United Empire Loyalists, who were to give Fort Frontenac new life.

There are very many fine hotels of a high-grade quality at the Thousand Islands, notably so being those at Alexandria Bay and at Gananoque.

As a summer resort Gananoque, midway between Kingston and Brockville, has many exceptional advantages. Its position, directly opposite to Clayton on the United States shore and at the widest part of the river, commands a magnificent view of some of the loveliest islands of the lake. The town itself, at the mouth of a brisk little river, possesses many handsome residences both upon the river bank and along the residential streets. Situate midway between Kingston and Brockville, and having therefore the islands equally divided upon either hand, as it were, Gananoque is the point by which the Thousand Islands should be reached by Canadians, and from which one can radiate with facility to any of the islands or resorts. The place is altogether desirable and beautiful, either for the angler or the health-seeker. The name "Gananoque" is derived from an Indian word meaning



THE CROSSMON HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA BAY.

The hotel provides many amusements, both for the children and their elders. A really fine orchestra plays during the morning and, for those who may care to dance, during the evening. There are tennis courts and other courts of amusement. Oarsmen of long experience, who know the river well, can be engaged at the hotel's office; and at the Crossmon's docks any of the steamers that ply up and down the river can be taken, from the palatial side-wheeler running between the great lakes and Montreal, to the smallest craft that threads its way daily between the islands for the benefit of the sightseer, the lounge and the proprietor.

The view from the verandas of the Crossmon is unique, because it embraces and combines some of the naturally loveliest water and islands of the river with many of the finest of the many fine residences. Just above and across from the Crossmon, and on a naturally beautiful island that has been made more beautiful by the cunning of the architect and the landscape artist, is Castle Rest, a splendid place, five stories high and built of rough stone. This was the property of a man whose name will live as long as people care to travel by rail in the most comfortable fashion, the late George M. Pullman, the originator and builder of the Pullman palace car. In 1872 Mr. Pullman, who had a cottage on his island then, not a castle, laid carpet from the cottage steps to the dock, put out an alarming amount of bunting, and made the little world of Alexandria Bay wonder. But it was not for nothing he had committed this reckless extravagance. Presently a little yacht came along, stopped at the dock, and General Grant walked up the carpet! The President's visit, his daily movements, the number of his catch daily, all were distributed through the newspaper columns to an admiring republic, and from that hour the success of Alexandria Bay as a summer resort was assured.

The parks, at which, as has been said, there are many excellent hotels and stopping places, are numerous, beautiful and finely situated. There is Tremont Park, directly opposite to Gananoque, and where there are a score and more of fine cottages owned by men from either side of the invisible line running down the river's center that is supposed to divide two nations. There is Prospect Park, near by Clayton; Grand View Park, on Wells Island, and which commands an open view of the scene of the meet of the American Canoe Association at the foot of big and beautiful Grindstone Island, with its green meadows sloping to the blue river and its wooded heights beyond. There are Round Island Park and Thousand Island Park, the last named founded, oddly enough, by a religious sect, yet very popular to-day, though some of the narrower restrictions imposed by the original Methodistical plan still maintain, such as the prohibition of any steamer landing at the park's dock on Sunday. There are Central Park and Westminster Park, and many other parks and charming places upon either shore until Brockville and Morristown are reached and the islands are in our wake.

For the angler the waters of the Thousand Islands possess a seemingly inexhaustible wealth of material from which to draw, so long as true sportsmen and the efforts of the Anglers' Association prevail. Here the sport of fishing takes a variety of forms; for the St. Lawrence is a mighty river, and mighty are the inhabitants of its deeps. Here the giant sturgeon is taken; between the islands and in the lesser channels the maskinonge may be lured by the phantom minnow; and under the brush of fallen trees, or along the outer edge of lily pads and rushes which sometimes line the shore, or, it may be, near a submerged



THE ROSSIN HOUSE.
Toronto's Leading Hotel.

"place of health;" and which, it is important to add, the redman himself, not the advertising hotelkeeper, many years ago bestowed upon the spot. Recently there has been built at Gananoque, by the river, a thoroughly fine and good hotel, called the Gananoque Inn. There is no finer summer hotel in the country than the Inn. It will accommodate two hundred guests, has fine, airy verandas, and every convenience and luxury that the seeker after pleasure and ease could desire. There is no finer fishing among the islands than that which can be had within from one to five miles of Gananoque, and the boat livery and guide service is of the best.

At Alexandria Bay there are several fine hotels, but the Crossmon, already spoken of, must be referred to as particularly so. The Crossmon, or the new Crossmon, as the proprietor loves to call his house, for the present hotel is the distinguished descendant of three other Crossmons, and stands upon the site of its earliest ancestor, is a spacious and elegant place. Its rooms afford uninterrupted views of the splendid scenery roundabout, and the balconies, wide verandas and ample grounds are perfect. There are suites for families in this hotel, elevators, fine drawing-rooms, and the cuisine and table service are unexcelled.



rock, that gamest of all game fish—the black bass—may be taken after a gallant fight. It is no exaggeration to say that owing to the efforts of the Anglers' Association to increase the supply of game fish in the river and to rid



THE ARLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

This favorite hotel is under entirely new management, and its grand piazza, with a seating capacity of two hundred, adds to the beauty of its exterior and makes it the most desirable of summer resorts.

the river of the fish pirates, any angler may obtain among the Thousand Islands all the game fish he desires.

As I have said, the best fishing is on the Canadian side of the river, as the principal portion of the spawning grounds are located there. Many of the United States people stopping at Alexandria Bay and other points on the United States side, come over to the Canadian side to do their fishing, for there bass, pickerel and maskinonge are caught in large numbers. The black bass is taken in large quantities at any of the shoals which exist where the islands are numerous and close together, particularly among the islands of the Admiralty group, a group of great beauty and attractiveness, just above Gananoque. Pike and maskinonge are caught along the main shore east and west of Gananoque. Many of these pike and maskinonge, which are taken by trolling, though sometimes with a rod, are of great size. I have seen at Gananoque maskinonge weighing from twenty-five to fifty pounds, and many have been caught above that weight. These fish fight desperately when hooked, and it is no uncommon thing for a battle between angler and maskinonge to last an hour or more before the fish is gaffed and drawn into the boat, or the latter is headed to shore and beached upon some island and the fish, exhausted from his fierce and Titanic struggle for freedom, landed upon the pebbled beach. The black bass, that fighter of the waters, attains to large proportions in the St. Lawrence River. The writer has seen a day's catch to one rod of three dozen, some of the bass weighing above five pounds. They have to be hunted, as they are often found near sunken ledges of rock, far removed from mainland or island; but they are lively company when found, and give your bait, whatever it may be—fly, worm, spoon or minnow—a warm welcome.

The pleasure vein of the continent! Well have the Thousand Islands been so named; but they are more. Their fame is world-wide, and annually they are the resting-place and the resort of hundreds from the Old World. For here the angler may reap the reward of large and gamey fish for the exertion of his arm and the exercise of his skill; the artist may find for his brush scenery unsurpassed in quality and variety and loveliness; the author endless material for and an impetus to his fancy—though no painter of brush or pen could have sufficient colors to depict the glories of the islands; and the leisurely seeker after pleasure or health will find each and all of these, no matter which he seeks. As has been well said, "The world can present but few, if any, regions of equal extent where all that can allure the eye and gratify the mind can be found more condensed into one view."

The railway facilities for reaching the Thousand Islands from south, east or west are admirable. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad provides luxurious vestibuled day and night trains; the run from New York to the

Islands is made in nine hours. Moreover, there is a co-operative system of transportation provided by the railroad and steamship companies that is unexcelled.

Our day is done. Our tired yet good-natured boatman, who has rowed us about a day—for a consideration—now turns our skiff about, and soon we are in the swifter water of the channel, heading for our hotel. So we recline leisurely against the comfortable cushions, while the roses fade out of the sky and twilight deepens into night. The river runs more darkly, and the islands grow shadowy and sombre. But the lights of a thousand cottages upon the main shore and the islands twinkle into life; the great hotels at the magical pressure of a single button gleam and scintillate from lawn to rooftop, and every light that shines is reflected in the dark, smooth bosom of the splendid river. The stars are lustrous and legion, and they, too, are reflected tremblingly in the stream. We are in a very world of mystifying, quivering light and splendor, and still more bewildering shadow; yet our boatman rows smoothly and swiftly along between them all. Now a great triple-deck steamer passes up the channel, brilliantly illuminated from end to end, from water-line to upper deck. The music of laughter and stringed instruments floats to us through the light and shadow. Then suddenly we see a great spear of light reach across the sky. Now it rests for a moment in an opposite direction, now disappears, appears again and moves steadily around and around, until it suddenly covers



THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

The Most Charming Hotel in the World.

the river before us and envelopes our hotel in a white radiance. Then a great island intervenes, and save when it sweeps across the gloom of the horizon's heaven we see the searchlight no more, until, an hour later, the great steamer sweeps into our channel.

"Oh, those nights upon the Nile, their memory haunts me yet!" For this river at night, upon a summer's night of lustrous stars and softly sighing breeze, of lightly stirring leaves and ripples murmuring on the shore, is a very Nile of dreams, a lotus-land of lily waters! Oh, thou mighty, majestic river! Oh, ye thousand verdant isles!

"Long time have I loved thee,
Ne'er will I forget thee."

NOTE.—For the benefit of our readers in Great Britain it may be stated that the Canadian trip can be made at a cost of \$250, or £50. In making the trip the visitor could readily spend much more, yet it can be done for that sum, and an equal amount of pleasure can scarcely be had in any other direction for a like amount. We here give an estimate of the cost of a five weeks' trip, sailing from Liverpool to Quebec, Saguenay River, Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls and return:

First-class cabin per Allan or other Royal Mail Liner from Liverpool to Montreal and return.....	\$125 00
From Quebec to Niagara Falls, via Montreal, Thousands Islands, Toronto and return.....	20 00
From Quebec to Chicoutimi, including famous Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Riviere du Loup, etc.....	25 00
Seventeen days in Canada at \$5 a day.....	85 00
	<hr/> \$255 00

Seventeen days could be spent in Canada, giving four days to the Saguenay trip, four days to Niagara and vicinity, one week to the Thousand Islands, and a few days spent in Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Hamilton and Kingston. This estimate for a five weeks' trip is based altogether on a tour by boat, but train can be taken from Quebec or Montreal to the Thousand Islands via Gananoque or Alexandria Bay, to the various cities named and to Niagara Falls. By train better speed is made and a larger area covered. If the trip is extended another week, the visitor could visit the Muskoka Lake country north of Toronto, or the Rideau Lakes, which are also famous. These estimates are for a passenger traveling first-class throughout, but a young man who wished to do it more economically could easily pare the figure down very considerably. The great West of Canada could not, of course, be visited in this trip, for the transcontinental tour itself requires at least a month.



SOME CANADIAN SPORTING EVENTS AND RECORDS OF THE YEAR.



JAKE GAUDAUR, RAT PORTAGE, ONT.
Champion Sculler of the World.

of place to say at the outset that 1896 was quite as prolific in victories for Canada as 1897 has been. Jake Gaudaur won the professional sculling championship of the world; the Canadians won the Kolapore Cup at Bisley; the Canadian Artillerymen won the Queen's Prize at Shoeburyness; the yacht Canada defeated the Vencedor at Toledo in the international race for the championship of the lakes; Glencairn I. in the race at New York won the championship in her class; at St. Paul, Mr. J. K. McCulloch of Winnipeg won the amateur skating championship of America; the Winnipeg four-oar crew won the American amateur championship at Saratoga; the Canadian cricket eleven won the international match at Philadelphia. The year opened with winter recreations in full swing—hockey, skating, curling, ice-boating.

The Victoria Hockey Club of Montreal can rightfully claim the title of champions of Canada—or of the world, for that matter—as they hold the

CANADA has had many occasions for cheering her athletes during 1897. Not only have the contests at home between clubs, or teams, or individuals been full of interest, but in nearly every instance where Canadians have gone abroad to compete for supremacy they have either won or come very near it. It has been thought that it would be interesting to bring together the leading performances of the year in various branches of athletic endeavor, and to place them on record in a more or less permanent and attractive form. It might not be out

game, and in its senior series are included five clubs, the Victorias, Montrealers and Shamrocks, all of Montreal, the Ottawas and the Quebecs. The Stanley cup was intended by its generous donor to represent the championship of Canada, not of any particular association, and he appointed as its trustees Sheriff Sweetnam and Mr. P. D. Ross, both of Ottawa.

Queen's University when champions of the Ontario Hockey Association challenged for the trophy, but were defeated by Montrealers. The winter before last, however, a new complexion was put on affairs by the challenge of the Victorias of Winnipeg. The trustees ordered the Victorias of Montreal, then champions of the Amateur Hockey Association of Canada, to play on February 14th, but as this was in the middle of their championship season the Montreal men felt a little aggrieved. However, the match was played and victory rested with the Winnipeggers by 2 goals to 0.

Last winter the Montreal Vics, having again won their own championship, decided to go west after the cup. The match was played on December 30th, and it was undoubtedly the most exciting in the history of the game. The Montreal men were hampered by the smallness of the rink, being accustomed to the broad sheets of their own city, and at the opening of the game Winnipeg scored three times in rapid succession. Then the visitors woke up and placed the puck deftly between the Winnipeg goal a couple of times. Winnipeg scored again, and at half-time the score stood 4 to 2 in Winnipeg's favor.

The Montreal Vics opened strong in the second half by scoring three times in fourteen minutes. Then there followed the hardest part of the match. For twelve minutes the battle raged fiercely, and at last, to the joy of the huge Winnipeg crowd, the home team evened the score again. But four minutes of playing time remained, and Winnipeg hopes ran high, when the visitors by a brilliant dash scored the winning goal. And so the cup came back east again.

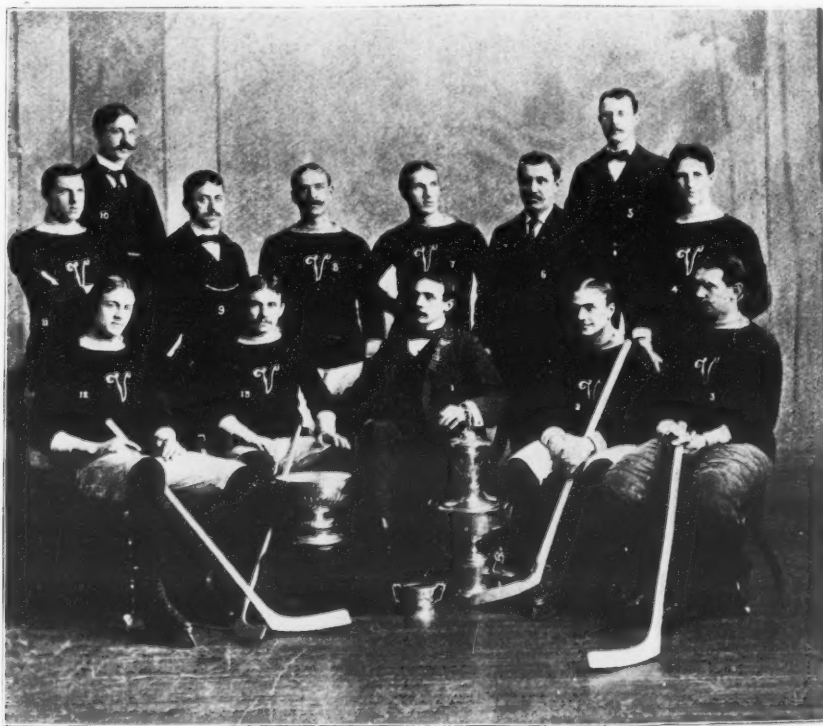
The team that played the great match comprised the following: Gordon Lewis, goal; Howard Henderson, point; Michael Grant (captain) cover-point; Graham Drinkwater, Shirley Davidson, Ernest McLea and Bob Macdougall, forwards. Dave Gillean and Hartland Macdougall accompanied the team as substitutes and played in place of Henderson and McLea in an exhibition match, in which they also defeated the other Prairie City team, the Winnipeggers.

Most of the team are pretty well known in other branches of sport. Lewis used to play in the Montreal Football Club scrimmage until a broken knee-cap laid him off. Grant is an old lacrosse man. Bob Macdougall and Hartland Macdougall are the two star half-backs of the Montreal Football Club. Shirley Davidson was quarter-back and captain of the McGill II. football team which beat Brockville for the intermediate championship of Canada, and has been chosen captain of this year's senior team. He is also owner and skipper of the one-rater Glenowen, which gave Mr. Duggan's Glencairn II. such a close tussle for the honor of defending the Seawanhaka cup. McLea plays half-back on the McGill senior team, and was one of Quebec's representatives in the interprovincial cricket match at Toronto in August. Gillean is an old Montreal lacrosse man. They are a pretty likely lot all round.

Without doubt the strongest hockey teams in Canada (and this country



J. K. McCULLOUGH OF WINNIPEG.
Amateur Champion Skater of the World.



VICTORIA HOCKEY CLUB OF MONTREAL.
Champions of Canada.

1, FRED MEERDITH, Esq., Hon. President; 2, BOB MACDOUGALL, Forward; 3, GORDON LEWIS, Goal; 4, ERNEST MCLEA, Forward; 5, WATSON JACK, Hon. Vice-President; 6, HOWARD WILSON, President; 7, HOWARD HENDERSON, Point; 8, MICHAEL GRANT, Capt.; 9, P. M. DE STERNECKE, Hon. Sec'y; 10, W. GRANT, Com.; 11, DAVE GILLELAN, Forward; 12, GRAHAM DRINKWATER, Forward; 13, SHIRLEY DAVIDSON, Forward.

famous Stanley cup which was donated by Lord Stanley of Preston during his term as Governor-General. For three winters past the Victoria team, "the Vics," as they are affectionately called in Montreal, have been champions of the Amateur Hockey Association of Canada. This is the parent body of the



J. J. WRIGHT OF TORONTO.
Holds 24-hour Bicycle Record for Canada.

stands supreme in hockey, for 'tis our own game) are in Montreal and Winnipeg, and the players of these rival cities are very evenly matched. In Ontario, although the game is making most remarkable headway, it is still inferior to that played in the sister Province of Quebec. The chief reason of this may be that in Ontario the rinks are, as a rule, much smaller and the skating season



THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE HOCKEY TEAM.
BANK LEAGUE AND TORONTO CITY CHAMPIONS.

W. P. MOSS,	E. C. COMPTON,	A. C. HILBORN,	W. HILBORN,
Forward.	Manager.	Point.	Forward.
P. C. STEVENSON, Capt.,	G. H. MELDRUM,	C. J. K. NOURSE,	C. D. MACDONELL,
Forward.	President.	Cover-Point.	Forward.
T. G. MCMASTER,		J. M. HEDLEY,	
Goal.		Forward.	

shorter. The splendid skating rinks of Montreal, specially arranged for hockey, are the envy of players from Ontario.

It is worthy of mention that hockey, the national winter game of Canada, like lacrosse, our national summer game, stands conspicuous among athletic sports for the speed, skill and courage required. No game tests the physical speed and mental alertness of a man more than does hockey. Lacrosse is very fast, but hockey is faster, and for the reason that a skater is speedier than a sprinter. To see two teams, seven men against seven, all fast skaters and skilful players, on a sheet of flawless ice, is one of the most stirring scenes that it is possible to witness in the whole field of sport.



A. C. CALDWELL.
Sprinter.

Hockey has been greatly benefited in Toronto by the Bank League, in which there are four clubs, the Commerce, Dominions, Imperials and Torontos. The league has been in existence for seven years, and the championship has been held as follows: 1891, Dominion; 1892, Imperial; 1893, Commerce; 1894, Imperial; 1895, Commerce; 1896, Dominion; 1897, Commerce. The Bank of Commerce team has thus won the "trophy" three times in seven years, the Imperial Bank team has won it twice, and the Dominion Bank team twice. The Bank of Commerce team, the present champions, were very successful in their last season, playing six games in the league series and losing but one, which was won by the Dominion Bank team. After completing the Bank League series the Commerce team met the winners of the Ontario Hockey Association city group (the Varsity team) and played for the championship of Toronto. The bankers easily defeated the students, although it had been supposed that the Ontario Hockey Association class of hockey was superior to that played in the Bank League.

Some very fine hockey was played in the Ontario Hockey Association series, the championships being won as follows: Senior, Queen's University, Kingston; Intermediate, Berlin; Junior, Wellingtons of Toronto. The most interesting contests occurred in the battle for the Intermediate championship, it being expected by the "talent" that the Frontenacs of Kingston would win the title, but in a very spirited game on wet ice the Berlin team won the victory.

On February 6th, J. K. McCulloch of Winnipeg defeated Alfred Nass of Norway in a skating race of 5,000 metres at Montreal. It was found that the distance had been wrongly measured, and the event was raced again next day, McCulloch again winning. He also finished first in the race of 1,500 metres, doing the distance in 2 min. 40 4-5 sec., and covered 10,000 metres in 20 min. 2 2-5 sec., winning the title of amateur skating

champion of the world. As I have already stated, McCulloch in 1896 won the amateur championship of America at the St. Paul tournament.

A. C. Caldwell is the champion athletic of Toronto University. He won the title in 1896 and still holds it. On May 29th, at the inter-club athletic tournament at Rosedale, Toronto, he won the 100 yds. dash in 10 2-5 sec., and the 220 yds. in 22 4-5 sec. In the Jubilee games at Toronto, June 22, he ran the 220 yds. in 22 4-5 sec., and the 100 yards in 10 sec. flat, which is but 2-5 of a second slower than the world's record, held at present by B. J. Wefers of New York. We hear a great deal about sprinters who can do a hundred yards in 10 1-5 sec., but it is doubtful if we have five men in Canada who can cover the distance in that time. A great many of those who are reputed to be very fast would find it hard to beat 11 sec. on a fair track with no favors.

On Wednesday night, July 14th, at

eleven o'clock, J. J. Wright and John Smith started on their bicycles from the corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and by eleven o'clock the next night had ridden to Kingston and back again as far as Grafton, a distance of 261 3-4 miles in twenty-four hours. This set a new Canadian record, for the two riders had gone 6 1-4 miles further than did Dr. Robertson of Stratford, who in 1896 rode 255 1-2 miles in the same time. A twenty-four hour ride over country roads is a very severe test of endurance. Wright and Smith, leaving Toronto at 11 p.m., made Brighton, 92 1-4 miles, for breakfast, arriving there at 7.24 a.m. Belleville was passed at 9.35 a.m., and Kingston, the terminal point, at 1.40 p.m. Here their papers were certified to by Thomas Crate, of the British American Hotel, and an hour's halt was called for dinner. Their

faces were now turned towards home, and Belleville, 50 miles, was reached at 7.20 p.m., and Wicklow, 36 1-2 miles further, 10.41. The previous record was now lowered, but the riders had nineteen minutes to spare, so they pedaled on three miles to Grafton, making it just a minute under the stipulated hour, eleven o'clock.

At the great Canadian Wheelmen's Association meet in Chatham on July 3rd, A. P. Gimbert of the Tourists' Bicycle Club, Toronto, won the century road race, going the distance in 5 hrs. 50 min. and 30 sec. The previous record was held by Dr. Robertson of Stratford, whose time Gimbert bettered by 9 1-2 minutes. It may be remembered that July 3rd was one of the hottest days of the summer, and the riders were put to a very severe test. Twenty-eight men started in the race, and there would have been

many more only that the extreme heat warned certain sensible riders to keep out of it. These long, hard rides can scarcely come under the head of sport, yet the man who wins is entitled to some renown for the endurance shown.

The twenty-mile road race record has been lowered more than once during the year. At Kingston, on August 2nd, R. Stoner of the Royal Canadians of Toronto rode the distance in 58 min. and 20 sec., and A. Blaylock of the same club, who won the second time prize, also improved all previous records by a few seconds. But W. Greatrix, in the Dunlop Trophy Race on the Kingston road, beat Stoner's time, going the twenty miles in 57 min. and 57 sec. This record stands. It could hardly be expected that in the R. Q. T. race, with over two hundred starters, anyone would have a chance to beat this, but Graves of St. Catharines rode a splendid race from scratch and almost made as good time, but not quite.

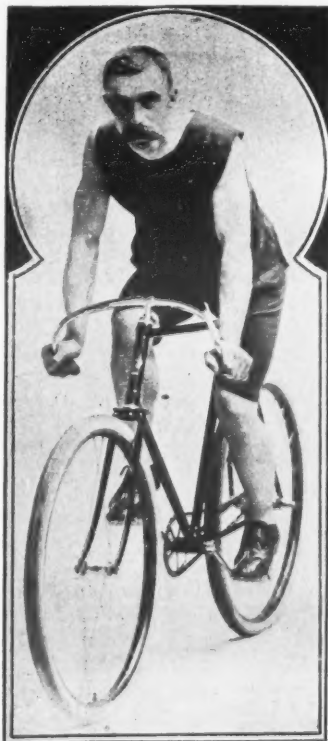
On August 14th the Argonaut Senior Four at Philadelphia won the amateur championship of America. This four was originally composed of the following men: Joe Wright, stroke; F. H. Thompson, 3; A. J. Boyd, 2; O. Heron, bow. This was the crew that competed in Brockville in the



J. SMITH.
Holds 24-hour Road Record.



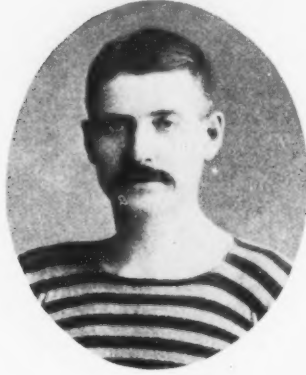
W. GREATRIX.
Holds 20-mile Road Record.



A. P. GIMBERT.
Holds 100-mile Road Record.



JOS. WRIGHT.
(Stroke).



E. A. THOMPSON.
(Two).



A. J. BOYD.
(Three).



F. H. THOMPSON.
(Bow).

ARGONAUT FOUR.

Canadian Amateur Aquatic Association regatta. Almost at the last moment before their race in the National Amateur Aquatic Association regatta held in Philadelphia, it was found that Heron, the bow, was unable to row, having contracted what proved to be a severe attack of typhoid fever. This necessitated a re-arrangement in the positions of the members of the crew. F. H. Thompson took Heron's place in the bow, Boyd took Thompson's oar on the other side of the boat, and E. A. Thompson, fresh from his race in the singles, got into number two. With but one practice in the new positions, the crew competed in the International fours. The other crews starting in this race were: Ariel Rowing Club of Baltimore, Institute Boating Club of Newark (this crew had won the championship of the United States earlier in the day), and Columbia Aquatic Club of Washington, D. C. Ariel led at the start, Institute next, and Argonaut and Columbia followed in order. Columbia broke an oar-lock and stopped. Argonaut then pulled up and, passing others, finished three lengths ahead. Time, 8 min. 52 sec. Ariel was second. The course was one and a half miles straightaway. The race was witnessed by thirty-five thousand people.

In Detroit at the North Western Regatta, August 2nd, the Toronto University crew won the Junior Fours from the Ecorse crew, time, 10.01 4-5, and finished fourth in the Senior Fours, time, 9.23 1-4. The Varsity crew consisted of: Gooderham, stroke; Douglas, 3; Jordan, 2, and Burnside, bow. This is Toronto University's first year in aquatics, and the leading students have entered into the sport with so much zest that it is expected that rowing will soon become one of the leading interests of university life. Edward Hanlan, ex-champion sculler of the world, is giving the Varsity oarsmen the benefit of his great skill and experience.

At this year's meet of the American Canoe Association held at Grindstone Island in the St. Lawrence river, August 14th to 20th, the important events were all captured by Canadians. This gathering of canoeists is thoroughly international in character and is attended by the crack canoe sailors and paddlers of the continent, therefore the fact that thirteen firsts and nine

seconds out of thirty-three events came to Canada is good proof of the powers of Canadians in this field of aquatics. This year, as last, the Mab, designed and built by Gilbert of Brockville and owned and sailed by Charles E. Archbald of Toronto, defeated all comers in the race for the trophy. In '96 the Mab won from fifteen starters, and this year from seven starters, four of whom, seeing the hopelessness of their prospects, dropped out after half of the course had been sailed. Mr. Archbald also won this event on the Hudson river in 1894, and was away in the lead in the race on Lake

Champlain in 1895, when he upset, and so lost. The paddling trophy was won this year by D'Arcy Scott of the Ottawa Canoe Club; the single-blade by D. H. McDougall of the Toronto Canoe Club, and the single-blade tandem by D. H. McDougall and M. Nichol of the same club. The war canoe race was won by the Northern Division (Canada), while in the fours race between Divisions, the Canadian crew, made up of a combination of Ottawa and Toronto men (which qualified by winning a splendid race from Kingston), could not find a crew in the other Divisions to paddle against them.

Mr. Duggan of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal won the Seawanhaka Challenge Cup last year with his half-rater, the Glencairn, out-sailing such a veteran builder and skipper as Nat Hereschoff, the designer of the Vigilant, Defender, and other America Cup defenders. This year Mr. Duggan built a new boat, Glencairn II., which after several trial races was chosen for the defender of the Seawanhaka Cup for '97. Of six trial races on August 2nd, Glencairn won all. On August 5th, Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, brought his half-rater Avoca down to try the Glencairn II. As many said the success of Mr. Duggan's boat lay in the sailing-skill of its skipper and owner, it was agreed that Mr. Jarvis should sail the Glencairn II. and Mr. Duggan should take the tiller of the Avoca.

In three out of five trials under this arrangement the Glencairn II. won, thus proving beyond a doubt that she was the boat to represent Canada. The United States boat was the Momo, owned by Mr. Crane of the Corinthian Yacht Club,

New York. She was a trifle heavier built than Glencairn II. The course was that of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club at Point Claire, in Lake St. Louis. The first and third races were straightaway, a beat two miles to windward and return three times, and the other two—for it was only necessary to sail four out of the five—were sailed on a triangular course, three rounds to the twelve miles. The first race was sailed on August 14th.

The weather was bright and warm, with a gentle south-east wind. Momo led from the start and passed the winning buoy three minutes ahead. Both boats were beautifully handled. The second day brought up a stronger breeze, and the Canadian boat was here found in its true element. It won by four minutes and twenty-one seconds. The third race was sailed in rough water with a twenty-mile-an-hour wind and a drizzly rain. Glencairn II. ran away from the Momo. The fourth attracted the largest crowd of any in the series. It was Momo's weather, but Glencairn II. won handily, and thus has retained possession of the cup for 1897. This year there was no international race in the 42-foot class, so that Canada still holds supremacy in that class also.

The Capital Lacrosse Club of Ottawa again won the championship in the big league, after a close contest with the Shamrocks of Montreal. The clubs in the league were: Capitals, Shamrocks, Cornwall, and Toronto, and they finished the season in the order named.



GLENCAIRN II.



FRED LOUGHEAD.
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Owns and sails the Mab.

It should have been stated when referring to the Argonaut Rowing Club that its success during the year has been phenomenal, seventeen trophies having been won. In Toronto on July 1st the Club won the Intermediate Singles, Junior Four and Senior Four. At the Canadian Aquatic Association Regatta at Brockville the Club won the Senior Four, Senior Pair, Junior Double, Junior Single, Intermediate Single, Junior Four, Intermediate Four—all but two of the events on the programme. In Detroit the Club won the Junior Four and the Senior Single; in Philadelphia the International Four, National Pair, and in Hamilton the Junior Four. On Labor Day at Toronto they wound up the season by winning the Senior Single and Senior Double. The Junior Four, it will be seen, has greatly distinguished itself. This is the Toronto University crew, and its first year has been very successful.



MR. M. BOYD OF TORONTO.

Canada again succeeded this year in defeating the United States in the International cricket match, played in Toronto September 6th and 7th. This makes the third successive victory for Canada. Mr. M. Boyd of Toronto carried off the batting honors for the victors, making a score of 51 in the first innings by very nice cricket, and as Canada won by eight wickets there was practically no second innings. Mr. H. C. Hill of McGill College, Montreal, carried off the bowling honors for Canada, although Mr. H. B. McGivern of Ottawa and Mr. J. M. Laing of Toronto also bowled well. The game resulted as follows: United States, 85 and 129; Canada, 179 and 41 for two wickets. The chief contributors to the winning score were: M. Boyd, 51; G. S. Lyon, 28; A. F. R. Martin, 23; W. H. Cooper, 23, and P. C. Goldingham, 13. In making the necessary runs in the second innings D. W. Saunders scored 22, P. C. Goldingham 11 not out, and F. W. Terry, receiving but one ball, cut it to the boundary and ended the match.



MR. H. C. HILL OF M'GILL.

No professionals, of course, play in this International event, and Canada was represented by the following gentlemen: Messrs. D. W. Saunders, P. C. Goldingham, J. M. Laing, and Mossom Boyd of Toronto, George S. Lyon of Rosedale, F. W. Terry of Clinton, A. G. Chambers of Parkdale, W. H. Cooper of Trinity University, H. C. Hill of McGill University, H. B. McGivern of Ottawa,

and A. F. R. Martin of Hamilton. Mr. A. H. Collins of Toronto acted as umpire, and Mr. John E. Hall, secretary of the Canadian Cricket Association, scored for Canada.

The best batting performance of the entire cricket season was that of Mr. J. M. Laing of Toronto, who, playing for Rosedale against Parkdale on August 28th, hit up the fine score of 197. I think he was not at bat more than two and a half hours, but he cut and drove with great power and accuracy, the innings scarcely being marked by an error. He was finally bowled by playing a very fast ball on his wicket. This ranks as the fourth highest individual score ever made in Canada, the three larger scores being the 202 made by Mr. R. K. Leisk of Hamilton in 1877; the 204 made by Mr. A. Browning of Montreal in 1881; and the 238 not out made by Mr. Geo. S. Lyon of Rosedale in 1894, this latter standing as the record score.



MR. J. M. LAING OF TORONTO.

During the past season there have been, perhaps, fewer centuries made in Canadian cricket than usual, although some very good scoring was done, many men falling a little short of the coveted century mark on different occasions. Mr. D. W. Saunders of Toronto twice crossed the century mark during the season, and on each occasion retired, once for 101 and once for 103. Mr. H. G. Wilson of Winnipeg made a score 102 not out; Mr. W. H. Cooper of Trinity College scored 118 not out; Mr. A. Mackenzie of Bishop Ridley College scored 103 not out; Mr. G. S. Lyon of Rosedale scored 106; Mr. J. H. Forrester of Rosedale scored 102, and, as already mentioned, Mr. J. M. Laing made the score of the season, 197. These are the only centuries of which I have heard, although some of the Nova Scotia players may have crossed the century mark without news of the fact having reached me.

The annual cricket matches between the rival junior colleges, Trinity College School of Port Hope, Bishop Ridley College of St. Catharines and Upper Canada College, Toronto, resulted in decided victories for Bishop Ridley College, which, three or four years ago, seemed hopelessly behind the others in cricket. This school team, indeed, held its own against the leading clubs of the country. Cricket, which used to be played at Toronto University but fell into abeyance for two or three years, was partially revived this year, and may be wholly restored to the list of Varsity sports next year. Trinity University is now, as it has been for years, the stronghold of the game in Ontario, and has given Canada's international elevens many of their best men for a generation.

Ontario defeated Quebec in the interprovincial match which was revived



The Pursuit of Fortune.

There are few more striking allegorical pictures than Rudolf Friedrich Henneberg's "Pursuit of Fortune," an engraving of which is given above. Every detail of the story is given—the youth, clad in the costume of the old-time German noble, dashing furiously forward at the sprite who lures him to destruction; the coronet she holds, the golden coins she strews before him, the bubble on which she floats; the angel of love trampled beneath the hoofs of the madman's steed, and the grim phantom of Death that rides behind him.

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this year, and which, it is to be hoped, will hereafter be played annually. The eleven men to represent Canada against the United States were chosen on the night of the game which I have referred to, and this enabled the eastern teams to be represented—a very good arrangement. The annual match Ontario vs. Philadelphia was not played, nor was the annual match between teams picked



THE TORONTO SWIMMING CLUB.
At Club House, Toronto Island.

from the Toronto and Philadelphia colleges played, which is cause of regret, for these matches promised to greatly improve cricket. Once a skip is made it is difficult to get a fixture on the slate again.

In canoeing, rowing and sailing, Canadians have proved that they are quite at home on the water. We have, too, some of the greatest skaters in the world, yet, strangely enough, we are scarcely able to hold our own as swimmers. Wherever boys are found throughout Canada they have some river, pond or lake in which they swim and dive, giving great promise of excellence, yet they seem to give up the sport while still young, and the best swimmers in our leading cities are usually Englishmen. At least in a general way this is true. In Toronto a swimming club has been formed and is gradually developing an extensive influence and setting an example which in a few years may cause swimming to be one of the leading sports of the country, as it undoubtedly should be. In the club, swimming is not only a pastime and an athletic exercise, but it is turned to useful account, for the members are all trained in the art of life-saving; they are taught how to rescue a person from drowning, how to bring him to land, and how to

resuscitate an apparently drowned man. The members are practiced in the difficult work of swimming in deep water while wearing heavy clothes, and practice also the difficult task of partially disrobing in the water, as one should be able to do when unexpectedly capsized while riding in a boat. Club races are held during the summer, and the captaincy of the club for the year goes to the man who wins the mile race. I have gone somewhat into this subject because I think that similar clubs might be organized in fifty towns and cities with great advantage to our boys and young men. The sport is incomparable, and the benefits may be of vital importance. Anyone who may desire to organize such a club may write to me and I shall be glad to procure all necessary information, or place the correspondent in connection with the secretary of the Toronto Swimming Club, who will, I doubt not, cheerfully answer enquiries.

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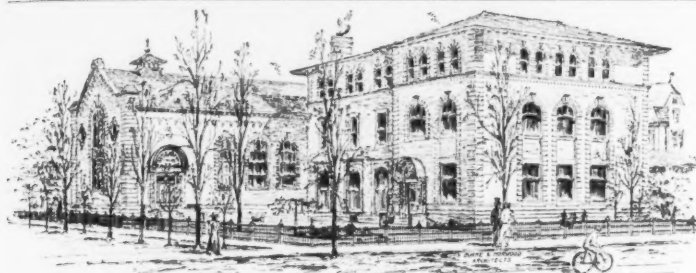
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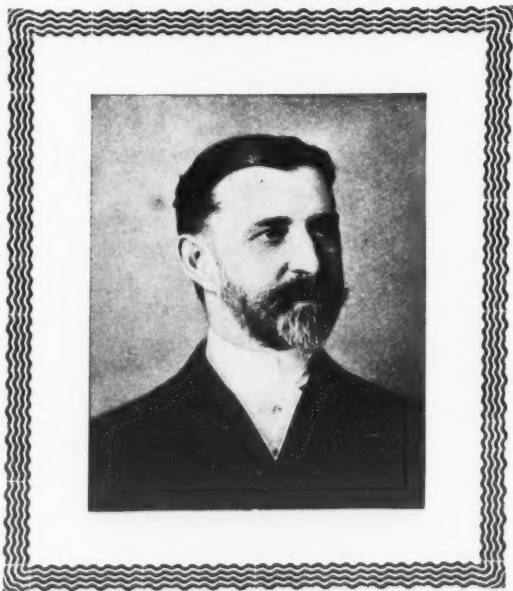
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The Mines of Ontario.

THE Province of Ontario, although it has a breadth from north to south at the widest of 700 miles, lies almost wholly below the parallel of Land's End in England. Its area of 140,000,000 acres is four times greater than England's and seven times greater than Scotland's. It has on the south a long stretch of coast line upon the great lakes. At the north it touches salt water, with sea ports at the mouths of two great rivers, the Moose and Albany. Natural boundaries are wanting only for a few miles across a watershed upon the north, and perhaps for 250 miles between the head of Lake Temiscaming and James Bay upon the east. The rest of the 3,000 miles or more of front lies upon lakes and rivers.

Throughout its whole extent, too, Ontario is a lake country. Not only the great lakes, on whose wide bosoms might float the largest ships upon the seas, but the thousands of lesser lakes which dot the interior, making communication by canoe and paddle, and often by larger craft, easy in every quarter. And of course it is a country of rivers which carry off to the seas the overflow of the lakes, and of great forests, such as always flourish where water abounds.

In its rock formations also the Province is most interesting. The great pre-Cambrian belt that extends for a thousand miles from the River St. Lawrence to Lake of the Woods is the backbone of the continent, and flanking it upon either side are the Silurian and later systems where, in the older settlements, is found the best farm land in America. This belt, a thousand miles long by an average of a hundred miles wide, occupies one-half of the Province, and although it is more accessible by railway and water than any other mineral-bearing tract of equal extent in the world, it remains less known and less explored than any other. It is only ten years ago that great bodies of nickel ore were first known to exist in the Sudbury region, only seven years ago that the mountains of hematite iron ore were traced out on the Mattawin River, only three years ago that the first shows of gold were found on the Shoal Lake of Seine River, and only a year ago that the rich and large deposits of gold ores on the upper waters of the Seine, on the Shoal Lake west of Lake of the Woods, and on Whitefish Bay of the same lake began to be opened up.

Our present knowledge of the country points to the occurrence of minerals in commercial quantities at five different centers, all of them practically within the limits of the pre-Cambrian belt. The first of these is in the eastern part of the Province, and embraces the counties of Hastings, Addington, Frontenac, Lanark and Renfrew. The second is north of Georgian Bay, including the Sudbury and Wahnapiatae regions, and probably extending a hundred miles beyond the Canadian Pacific Railway. The third is north of Lake Huron and east of Lake Superior, from the Mississauga River to the White. The fourth is the country around Thunder Bay and west to Lake Shebandowan. The fifth is the extensive tract drained by Nelson River, covering the whole of the Rainy River district. The ores and minerals known to occur in these several regions may be mentioned briefly.

(1) In the east are gold, iron, graphite, apatite, mica and corundum. Thirty years ago gold mines were worked in Hastings, near Marmora, but the best of them were in mispickel veins, and at that time no process was known for extracting the gold from these refractory ores at a rate to pay the cost of working. Interest has recently been awakened in those abandoned mines by the discovery of a bromo-cyanogen process that is proved to be suitable, and so much confidence has the invention inspired that already over \$400,000 of English capital has been expended in mining operations, installing a plant and the purchase of lands. Graphite, a mineral largely used in the manufacture of crucibles, stove-polish, lead pencils, etc., occurs frequently in the eastern section of the Province. A very large vein of it of fine quality is being worked in the Township of Brougham, and a mill for treating it has recently been built at Ottawa. Apatite is found in large bodies throughout Lanark and Frontenac, but the market for it is chiefly in Great Britain and countries of the European continent, and for the present the Ontario article cannot compete with the more easily-mined apatite of Carolina and Florida. Mica mines have been worked in a number of localities, and the demand for good mica is steadily growing. The newest mineral of the region is corundum. A deposit of it was discovered in Carlow Township, Hastings County, in October of last year, the first of any importance found in Canada, and exploration carried on under Government instructions during the past summer has shown that it extends over a belt of country thirty miles long by one to three miles wide.

(2) In the north are nickel, copper and gold. The last named has been found at a number of places, but the richest veins as far as known are upon Lake Wahnapiatae. Wonderfully rich specimens have been taken from the Crystal mine, where a shaft has been sunk to a depth of one hundred feet, and a stamp mill is now treating the ore. The nickel and copper mines of the region are, however, the most important mines in the country, measured by extent of the workings, number of men employed and value of yearly product. During the five years, 1892-96, the total quantity of ore smelted was 373,835 tons, and the matte product as sold at the works was estimated to contain 21,138,000 pounds of nickel and 20,697,000 pounds of copper. The chief use of nickel is as an alloy with steel, for the manufacture of armor plates, for which purpose it is now adopted by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, as well as by several countries of Europe.

(3) In the region that has for its eastern limit the Mississauga River, which falls into Lake Huron, and for its northern the White River, which falls into Lake Superior, near the parallel of 48° 30', there are copper, iron and gold. At Bruce Mines on the north side of Lake Huron extensive operations were carried on for a quarter of a century, beginning in 1849 and ending in 1875, and in that time it is said that \$6,000,000 to \$7,000,000 worth of copper as ore and matte was shipped to England. The works closed down owing to the low

price of copper and the heavy cost of producing it due to the lack of good shipping facilities. At Mamainse, on the east shore of Lake Superior, native copper, as well as copper sulphides, is found in a formation the same as that which holds the great veins of the Calumet and Hecla, the Tamarac and other mines on the south shore of the lake. Here and farther north, and on the Island of Michipicoton, large sums of money have been expended on development work, and on some of the properties with excellent promise. Gold has been discovered in a number of localities in the district, the most recent being in the basin of the Michipicoton River, between Lake Superior and the Canadian Pacific Railway, where more than 150 claims have been "staked out" during the last three months. A mining division has been established here with headquarters at the mouth of Michipicoton River.

(4) The fame of the Thunder Bay region rests largely on Silver Islet mine, a small rock in Lake Superior from which was taken about \$3,500,000 of silver ore. Other silver mines have been worked on the mainland, 20 to 25 miles west of Fort William, and these, as well as Silver Islet, are in the Animikie formation. Work upon several properties has been renewed this year. Iron ores of the magnetic and hematite varieties occur at many points between Thunder Bay and Lake Shebandowan, some of the deposits being of very large extent, particularly the hematite mountains on the Mattawin River.

(5) The Rainy River district is at present the region of greatest promise as a mining field. Almost everywhere along the lines of the canoeable waters gold-bearing veins are found to occur, some of which are of enormous extent, and most of which are claimed to be rich enough for working. Lake of the Woods was the first to attract the notice of prospectors, and although it is only four years since the first substantial work began on Sultana Island, the reputation of the region is world-wide. Sultana mine shows, at a depth of three hundred feet, an enormous body of ore, and the capacity of the mill has been largely increased this year. East and south of Sultana, on the mainland, and north of it, towards Black Sturgeon Lake, are a dozen or more properties upon which development work has been done; and away to the south of it, around Whitefish Bay, are several others in a district of excellent promise. Regina mine is the one on which most work has been done. It has a main shaft three hundred feet deep, and a ten-stamp mill, and during the whole of last year and this it was producing bullion. Next year it is proposed to replace the ten stamps with forty. West of Lake of the Woods, on Shoal Lake, are several locations, the ores of which show phenomenal riches, some of the ore lots milled having yielded from the plates over \$60 per ton. The principal of these is the well known Mikado, where a twenty-stamp mill has been crushing ore since 9th August last. From 1,647 tons of ore treated there were produced 2,413 ounces of gold, exclusive of tailings. A fifty-stamp mill has been erected at Keewatin this year to treat ores from mines situated in the region. East of Lake of the Woods some seventy miles, in the country around Eagle Lake, Wabigoon Lake and the Manitou lakes, hundreds of locations have been taken up or applied for during the past year, and wherever development work has been done the promise of the ore is cheering. Northward towards Lake Minnetakie, too, prospectors have been working, and good discoveries are reported. But possibly the best of the known parts of Rainy River district are on the Seine River. A tract of altered granite lying between Shoal and Vermilion Lakes, and covering an area of six or eight square miles, is literally seamed with fissure veins, and almost everywhere in these veins as far as they have been explored gold is found. The greatest amount of work has been done at the Foley mine, where a mill of twenty stamps has been in operation since February last, producing bullion regularly. More than twenty gold-bearing veins have been discovered on the property, which consists of about 180 acres, and a shaft sunk on one of the veins shows that the quartz has widened from 2½ feet at the 100-foot level to 7 feet at the 200-foot level. In the Sawbill Lake region, near the head of Seine River, is another tract of altered granite which has done much to make the Rainy River district famous, although it has been worked only a year. One of the ore bodies there has been traced for a length of three miles, and at its widest part it is said to measure 466 feet. Several locations are being developed, and two mills, each of ten stamps, are proving the ores to be of excellent quality. The first clean-up of the Sawbill mine was made October 15th, and showed the ore to be worth about \$17 per ton. All the gold ores of the Rainy River district, as far as known, are free-milling to the extent of 80 to 95 per cent., and with water and fuel abundant everywhere mining and milling operations may be carried on under the most favorable conditions. This fact is also worthy of note, that no more than the rim of the country has been looked at so far. It is only along the canoe routes that exploration has been carried on; the whole of the interior remains virgin ground, every square mile of which may prove to be as good as the best along the lakes and rivers.

There has been a greater advance in the mining industry of Ontario during the last two years than during the previous ten, and actual development is going on at the present time on a larger scale than ever, especially in mining for gold. As an evidence of the movement it is learned on good authority that the Government receipts from sales and rentals of mining lands, miners' licenses, etc., for the ten months ending with October last exceeded the total receipts from the same sources during the previous five years.

The mining laws of the Province are liberal in their character, and high authorities in other countries have expressed the opinion that they are judiciously drawn, both as regards the encouragement of the industry and the protection of the public interest. The annual reports of the Bureau of Mines, whose headquarters are in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, deal comprehensively with the statistics and progress of the industry. Copies of these reports, with geological and topographical maps, and information respecting the mining laws and mineral resources of the Province, can no doubt be procured on application.

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